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THE DEMOCRATS AND RACE
TERRY EASTLAND • NOEMIE EMERY

McCain's Bumpy Ride

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JOHN J. DIIULIO JR.
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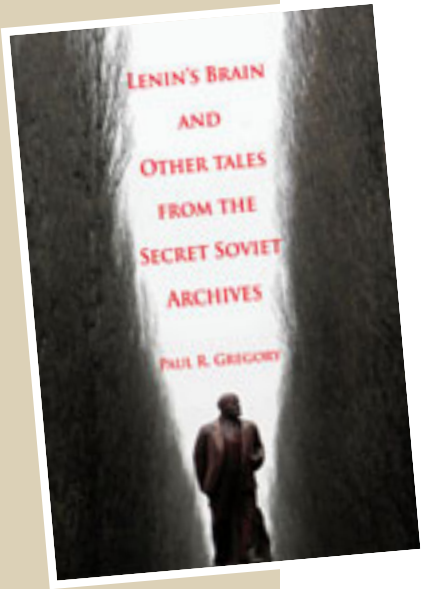

Lenin's Brain and Other Tales from the Secret Soviet Archives

PAUL R. GREGORY

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Paul R. Gregory, a Hoover Institution research fellow, holds an endowed professorship in the Department of Economics at the University of Houston, Texas, and is a research professor at the German Institute for Economic Research in Berlin.

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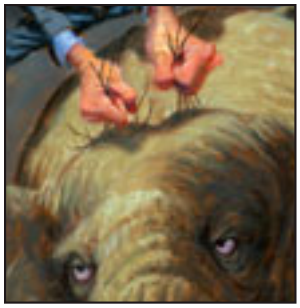

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The Long Arm of Karl Rove

The Scrapbook is relieved to learn that some assertions are so preposterous that, yes, even the *New York Times* has to catch its breath. Case in point: A recent "Questions For" interview with folk-rocker Sheryl "All I Wanna Do" Crow in the *Times Magazine*. This is a weekly feature where writer Deborah Solomon asks a dozen smart-alecky questions of some eminent personage—our own John Podhoretz was recently interrogated—whose head-to-toe, full-color photograph takes up half the page.

Until recently, Sheryl Crow was best known (apart from her singing) for keeping company with cyclist Lance Armstrong (they've since parted). But readers will be gratified to know that she's joined the ranks of Hollywood political activists. Alas, this second career has not been quite as rewarding as the first. She was embarrassed by the revelation that one of her proposals for saving the planet is to restrict the use of toilet paper to one square per visit to the bathroom. And some months ago she and fellow celebrity-activist Laurie David made news, of a sort, at the White House Correspondents' Association Dinner in Washington. The pair marched up to the table where ex-White House guru Karl Rove was eating, and proceeded to berate him, loudly and at some length, for the benefit of nearby cameras.

To be sure, Karl Rove is no favorite of the Washington press corps, but the consensus opinion the next morning was that Crow and David had been bumptious and rude, even by the standards of Hollywood political activists.

That, however, is not quite the sequence of events, as Sheryl Crow sees it. Claiming that her toilet-paper proposal was intended as a joke, she complained thus to the *Times*: "I think it's a fantastic and eye-opening example of how the media is operated by political figures, of how Karl Rove was humiliated in the media and how, within 24 hours, he was able to humiliate me and take any sort of credibility away from me."

The Scrapbook can just imagine Deborah Solomon's eyes popping, and jaw dropping, as she exclaimed: "What are you saying? You think Karl Rove leaked the toilet-paper story to the press?"

To which Ms. Crow responded, "I cannot tie him directly to that leak, but within 24 hours of our exchange, as we were leaving D.C., it was on the CNN ticker tape: 'Sheryl Crow has proposed that we legislate toilet paper to one square.'"

Of course, The Scrapbook is obliged to report that Sheryl Crow's toilet-paper activism was known before the White House Correspondents' Association Dinner, and that CNN is as likely to take its marching orders from Karl Rove as the *New York Times* is to do what The Scrapbook tells it to do. So we can safely consign Ms. Crow to the ranks of Hollywood airhead/conspiracy theorists. But we are obliged to her for momentarily exposing the way she and her fellow airhead/conspiracy theorists think, and letting a stupefied Deborah Solomon of the *Times* take a peek inside. ♦

Great Moments in Clintonian Deceit

A tip of The Scrapbook homburg to Jo Becker and Don Van Natta Jr. of the *New York Times* for their comprehensive January 31 story on Bill Clinton's dealings with a Canadian financier who pledged more than $100 million to the William J. Clinton Foundation after the former president helped him strike a uranium-mining deal with the thuggish government of Kazakhstan.

Our favorite passage: "In February 2007, a company called Uranium One agreed to pay $3.1 billion to acquire UrAsia. [Frank] Giustra, a director and major shareholder in UrAsia, would be paid $7.05 per share for a company that just two years earlier was trading at 10 cents per share. That same month, Mr. Dzhakishev, the Kazatomprom chief, said he traveled to Chappaqua, N.Y., to meet with [Bill] Clinton at his home. Mr. Dzhakishev said Mr. Giustra arranged the three-hour meeting. . . . Both Mr. Clinton and Mr. Giustra at first denied that any such meeting occurred. Mr. Giustra also denied ever arranging for Kazakh officials to meet with Mr. Clinton. Wednesday, after the *Times* told them that others said a meeting, in Mr. Clinton's home, had in fact taken place, both men acknowledged it." ♦

Memories of Camelot

A taste of what you're missing if you're not a regular reader of the *Campaign Standard* blog on our website: Philip Terzian, provoked by the site of Edward Kennedy endorsing Barack Obama before a roomful of shrieking undergraduates, reminisces about the winter of 1967-68, when he was working as a student volunteer at Eugene McCarthy headquarters in downtown Washington.

My primary task was to open mail, collate documents, and purchase jelly donuts to satisfy the appetite of the campaign's slovenly press secretary, Seymour Hersh.

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(Classic Steiner, reprinted from our issue of January 17, 2000)

At the time, it will be remembered, McCarthy had decided to run for president because the sentimental favorite of the antiwar Democrats, Robert Kennedy, could not stir himself to challenge Lyndon Johnson. More profile than courage, it was said at the time. And of course, it was only after McCarthy had come close to defeating LBJ in the New Hampshire primary—prompting Johnson, shortly thereafter, to withdraw from the race—that Kennedy "reassessed" his position and announced his own candidacy.

Among those McCarthy enthusiasts who had "come clean for Gene," and embarked on what had seemed like a suicidal venture (among whom I counted myself), Kennedy was held in considerable contempt: His cute disavowals of interest in running amused no one, and his swift appropriation of McCarthy's capital caused indignation. When Kennedy finally announced he was running in the Senate Caucus Room, with his miniskirted wife onstage and their dozen children crawling among the wires and cameras, it seemed less a political act than a chapter in celebrity melodrama.

Which, to his credit, Kennedy seemed to perceive. He is said to have complained to associates that McCarthy enjoyed the allegiance of the A students while he was left with the B students. Certainly, we campus McCarthyites saw it that way, and noticed that when Kennedy spoke in public he seemed to attract what we called "screamers"—the sort of girls who had greeted the Beatles at the airport—and their slightly bewildered boyfriends, whose interest in Bobby did not seem political. McCarthy was accompanied on the campaign trail by Robert Lowell; Kennedy enjoyed the company of Roosevelt Grier, and Sonny and Cher.

Whether this specimen of Democratic snobbery has any application to the current election cycle I cannot say. Just as Robert Kennedy's crowds were larger and louder than Eugene McCarthy's in 1968, it is undoubtedly true that the saga of the Kennedy family—especially in the half-century since the assassinations of John and Robert—resonates with a certain kind of Democrat in 2008. But it is difficult to say how deeply such emotions run, and whether the excitement of a televised rally translates into anything like political action, conviction, or allegiance. . . .

Read the whole thing, and much else besides, at campaignstandard.com. ♦

Cue Violins

The New York chapter of the National Organization for Women wakes up to find that it has been romanced, used, and then abandoned by a cad: "Women have just experienced the ultimate betrayal. Senator Kennedy's endorsement of Hillary Clinton's opponent in the Democratic presidential primary campaign has really hit women hard. Women have forgiven Kennedy, stuck up for him, stood by him, hushed the fact that he was late in his support of Title IX, the ERA, the Family Leave and Medical Act to name a few. . . . And now the greatest betrayal! We are repaid with his abandonment!"

Imagine that! Taken for a ride by Ted Kennedy, and then left, so to speak, by the side of the road. ♦

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Casual

Restraining Orders

According to A.J. Liebling, "the primary requisite for writing well about food is a good appetite. Without this, it is impossible to accumulate, within the allotted span, enough experience of eating to have anything worth setting down. Each day brings only two opportunities for field work, and they are not to be wasted minimizing the intake of cholesterol." He then goes on to describe a meal he shared with his friend Yves Mirande in 1955, which included a trout soaked in butter, beef stew, young guinea hens, and asparagus, paired with an Alsatian wine, two clarets, and three bottles of champagne. And that was just lunch.

To a lesser extent, a colleague and I occasionally partake of a Liebling-inspired feast. Once it was German (herring in cream, a wurst platter for me, schnitzel for him, and Black Forest cake), and my dining companion was compelled to "take a constitutional," pacing up and down the block, before dessert. Other times it has been traditional American fare like prime rib with freshly shaved horseradish and a side of potatoes. More often than not, however, it has been Japanese: a daunting array of sushi, including salmon roe topped with the raw yolk of a quail egg, seaweed-wrapped fermented soybeans, and live sea urchin, which my friend calls the "foie gras of the deep." Sadly, our culinary exploits have become less ambitious in recent years.

It turns out a physician warned my colleague that continuing this sort of Caligulan diet would make him fifteen pounds heavier in no time. But his mistake may have been going to the doctor in the first place. Liebling viewed medical advice with disdain and believed that attempting to improve one's eating habits was bad for one's health. He similarly scorned what he called the "hepatic obsession": Why were people so concerned about their livers, anyway? (A writer for the *New Yorker*, Liebling died at the ripe old age of . . . 59.)

I myself similarly erred by agreeing to have my blood pressure checked by my father, a recently retired surgeon. Apparently, a reading of 140/110 is not ideal for a 34-year-old. (Normal blood pressure is about 110/70.) I'm not exactly overweight, and I do work out. But genetics plays a key part, as does stress. Not to mention eating: "Is there a lot of sodium in your diet?" my father asked. At which point I confessed to owning a box of Beef Sticks and processed cheese from Hickory Farms.

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So now my life has changed. I run a bit more, take blood pressure pills, and eat less decadently (with the recent exception of a dinner at Restaurant Daniel in New York that included veal cheeks, calf's liver, and sablefish). I've added oranges, bananas, and green vegetables to my diet—excellent sources of potassium, which reduces hypertension—and limit my intake of caffeine and sodium. I tend to avoid fries and even potato chips at lunch and rather than focus on polishing off my plate and automatically going up for seconds, I simply stop eating when I no longer feel hungry. A novel concept, I agree. But the heaviness I experienced after consuming a 24-ounce Cajun ribeye, a half bottle of wine, and a thick slice of cheesecake is gone. My health is clearly improving.

Of course I cry myself to sleep just thinking about the *choucroute "en croûte"* at Brasserie Beck. Or disco fries (French fries in gravy and melted cheese) from my favorite Jersey diner. Or the Filet-O-Fish, perhaps the finest sandwich ever invented. In fact, I think about food more than ever—and the many dishes I must now avoid. I recently became incensed at a commercial for Alpo and its new product line, "Chop House Originals," touting a "Filet Mignon flavor." Even the dogs are eating better, I thought.

I always knew that my gustatory indulgences would eventually come to an end. I just didn't think it would happen so soon—and before my competitive eating career had taken off. (So much for my dream of conquering "Eagle's Challenge Burger" at Eagle's Deli on my next trip to Boston: five pounds of beef, twenty slices of cheese, twenty pieces of bacon, a five-pound bag of fries, and my proud picture on the wall.) Instead I find myself telling younger coworkers that I need to take it easy because of my blood pressure. And they look at me as if I've just announced I'm wearing Depends.

On a recent night, I went out for drinks with a friend who is also my age. I told him how horrible it was to have high blood pressure and contemplate issues like suffering a massive stroke. "We're getting old," he said and explained how he too must cope with his own ailments, though I doubted his ills could beat mine. He disagreed. I asked how bad it could be. He replied, "Anal fissures."

I guess he's right.

Victorino Matus

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Jena Revised

I appreciate that Charlotte Allen, in her piece criticizing media coverage of the Jena Six story, "Jena: The Case of the Amazing Disappearing Hate Crime" (January 21), credited my reporting as "temperate" and duly noted that my body of work is balanced and included a story pointing out problems with the accounting of the funds donated to the Jena Six defense fund. But since Allen purports to be doing a precise factual deconstruction of the Jena coverage, I must point out three errors in her analysis of my coverage.

First, in her effort to prove that my stories "hewed closely" to the Jena narrative prepared by civil rights activist Alan Bean, Allen states that I passed along Bean's assertion that LaSalle Parish district attorney Reed Walters had attended an assembly at Jena High School and directed threats at black students. In fact, I could never confirm this incident during my frequent reporting trips to Jena, and, while it may appear in other journalists' stories about Jena, you will not find it in any of my coverage.

Second, Allen asserts that my stories contained no interviews with any African-American residents of Jena beyond the Jena Six and their families. This is demonstrably false. In my very first story about Jena, published on May 20, 2007, I quoted one mother of a Jena Six defendant; two white town officials (the mayor and the school superintendent); a white preacher; a white civil rights activist; and two black Jena residents who were unconnected to the Jena Six defendants or their families. One of those African Americans was the lone black member of the Jena school board, who verified that "whites and blacks are treated differently here." Subsequent stories I wrote about Jena quoted other African Americans as well.

Third, contrary to Allen's assertion, the *Denver Post* is not owned by the Tribune Company.

Howard Witt
Houston, Tex.

Charlotte Allen responds: I owe Howard Witt a clarification for my "hewed closely" sentence. I lumped Witt's reporting with that of the BBC's Tom Mangold, giving the misleading impression that Witt had reported LaSalle Parish district attorney Reed Walters's supposed threat to black students at a Jena High School assembly in September 2006. Witt never reported that.

As for Witt's allegation that I said his stories "contained no interviews with African-American residents of Jena beyond the Jena Six and their families," I did not write that. What I wrote was this: "A noticeable feature of all the news stories about the Jena Six was the almost-complete absence of interviews with any black residents of Jena beyond the Jena Six and their family members." Note the "almost." A few interviews with other black residents of Jena do pop up here and there in Witt's stories and those of other reporters but not many.

I stand corrected as to the *Denver Post*'s ownership.

Versailles Revisited

I am gratified that such an eminent historian as Professor John Milton Cooper Jr. has read my book, *A Shattered Peace: Versailles 1919 and the Price We Pay Today*, so carefully ("Peace in Their Time," December 17). Alas, he seems to have chosen to review a different book entirely from the one I wrote.

I did not indeed set out to provide the world with yet another comprehensive scholarly work on the Treaty of Versailles—certainly well-ploughed ground. Instead, I undertook something that is done all too infrequently by journalists and historians alike—examine a key turning point in history through the prism of a journalist. Or, conversely, to bring the critical skills of a historian to bear on key events in today's world.

What I was seeking to establish was context, which ironically perhaps seems to be what Professor Cooper considers the real strength of *A Shattered Peace*. Rather than historical debate on sources and footnotes, which this reviewer seeks to engage, my sincere hope was that *A Shattered Peace* would help to set a broader national agenda—on the need for a return to a more stable form of ethnically and religiously homogeneous microstates that in so many areas have proven to be successes, but whose prospects were destroyed by the myopia, self-interest, and outright hubris of those who gathered in Paris in 1919.

There was, I confess, one oversight which will be remedied in future editions. I omitted Professor Cooper's fine work, *Breaking the Heart of the World*, from my detailed bibliography, the road map by which I hoped scholars would be able to trace my research which ran to more than 2,000 pages of notes, and sources—more than 300 volumes including work in several archives—that were cited. I intentionally omitted the detailed footnotes that often prove a hurdle to a broader reading audience.

As Harvard's distinguished diplomatic historian Ernest R. May put it, *A Shattered Peace* "explains more clearly than any other work how the failure of peacemaking in 1919 shaped later history and, indeed, shapes our own era." That best describes the book I wrote.

David Andelman
New York, N.Y.

On Shucking and Jiving

You ran a story entitled "The Wages of Sensitivity," (January 28) by Noemie Emery that had a factual inaccuracy in misquoting Andrew Cuomo. He never, in fact, negatively characterized Senator Obama. In the interview you reference, he praised both Senator Obama and Senator Clinton and the importance of small-state primaries such as New Hampshire and Iowa. A simple review of the transcript would have made this clear to any editor or writer actually interested in reporting the facts.

Jeffrey Lerner
Director of Communications
New York Attorney General's Office

• • •

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the weekly Standard

'Let's Grow Up, Conservatives'

The story from California last week was bound to alarm conservatives. Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger endorsed John McCain for president at a solar technology plant. Rudy Giuliani, who's also backing McCain, joined the lovefest as an uninvited but very welcome guest. And McCain talked about the Republican party as a "big tent," a phrase often used as code for appealing to moderates and ignoring conservatives.

It's not that bad, though. McCain, now the likely Republican nominee, seems to understand that his first order of business is not merely mollifying conservatives but winning them over and unifying the party. "The important thing is to convince our Republican base, one, I'm a conservative," he told Jay Leno. "Two, I'm the best qualified in taking on their major concern."

Bringing conservatives on board won't be easy for McCain. (Nor would uniting Republicans of all stripes be easy for Mitt Romney, should he upset the McCain bandwagon and win the nomination.) Republicans are in a sour mood, especially the talk-radio mafia that regards McCain as anything but a reliable conservative. (They harbor qualms about Romney, too.)

Even a united Republican party will be at a disadvantage in the general election. Democratic primary turnout has doubled from 2004, reflecting a level of enthusiasm among Democrats that hasn't been seen for decades. And the party has the money to fund another massive get-out-the-vote drive this November. In 2004, it took an unprecedented effort by 1.4 million Republican volunteers to overcome the Democratic turnout machine manned by paid campaign workers.

The key to the 2004 success was the passionate commitment of these volunteers to reelecting George W. Bush. These weren't moderates or independents or McCainiacs. They were hardcore conservatives—and particularly social conservatives attracted by Bush's opposition to abortion, gay rights, and embryonic stem cell research.

McCain needs to attract hundreds of thousands of these Republicans as ground troops for his campaign. He's off to a good start. In a new TV ad dubbed "True Conservative," he refers to himself as "a proud social conservative who will never waver." He's expected to get the endorsement soon of the National Right to Life Committee, the influential anti-abortion group, and that will help.

But he's got a long ways to go. Bush spent five years courting social conservatives before his first presidential run. Despite a strong pro-life voting record in the Senate, McCain has never been a favorite of social conservatives, nor has he tried to be. He has an opportunity to embrace them publicly this week when he addresses the Conservative Political Action Conference (CPAC) in Washington. He should seize it.

On economic issues, McCain has gotten better. He's always advocated spending cuts and opposed earmarks. Now he says the two Bush tax cuts should be made permanent. Why? If they were allowed to expire in 2010, income tax rates would rise, and he's against tax increases. Given this view, McCain might as well make a stark pledge: No new taxes.

On national security, McCain's credentials are dazzling. When other Republicans grew queasy about Iraq after the party's landslide defeat in the 2006 election, McCain grew stronger. He proposed a "surge" of additional American troops and a new counterinsurgency strategy many months before President Bush adopted it.

McCain's touchiest problem—his scourge—is talk radio. Rush Limbaugh, Laura Ingraham, Mark Levin, and others raise legitimate complaints about his flirtations with Democrats and his apostasy on campaign finance, guns, immigration, and embryonic stem cell research.

A Republican strategist had this advice for McCain: "Call the top conservative talk radio hosts. Tell them you don't question their independence. But insist you'll be talking about conservative issues. If they want to get in touch with you at any time, here's your cell phone number. And if they call, you'll answer." That is good advice. McCain might feel it's demeaning, but he shouldn't. The stakes—keeping Hillary Clinton or Barack Obama out of the White House—are too high to be prideful.

McCain, probably alone among Republicans, can win this fall, but not without the full-blown support of conservatives. If he continues to reach out to them while running as a conservative, they need to heed Barry Goldwater's advice in 1960. "Let's grow up, conservatives," he said. "If we want to take this party back, and I think we can, let's get to work."

—*Fred Barnes*

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William Jefferson Faubus

The Clintons start a new conversation about race.

BY NOEMIE EMERY

In the 1990 Senate campaign in North Carolina, there was one ad and one moment that emerged as iconic. Run by Republican Jesse Helms against Harvey Gantt, a black Democrat, it showed a pair of white hands crumpling a piece of paper. "You needed that job," said the voice-over ominously, "but they had to give it to a minority."

Those white hands now belong to Bill and Hillary Clinton, and their complaint is remarkably similar to that of the man in the ad. The Helms ad was a *cri de coeur* against affirmative action, or at least that form of it that gave preference in hiring—or presumably college admissions—to nonwhite applicants on the grounds (a) that this made up for generations of prejudice and curtailed opportunities, and (b) that diversity for its own sake was a good in itself.

For decades, people who were so crass as to protest such quotas and take their complaint to court—from Allan Bakke at the University of California-Davis medical school in 1974 to Jennifer Gratz at the University of Michigan in 1995—were reviled by the left and by Democrats, portrayed as the second coming of Simon Legree and instructed to suffer in silence for the greater good of humanity.

Now Bill and Hillary Clinton are finding themselves in those same shoes: She has applied for a job with experience and credentials that she thinks are weightier, and yet many voters seem determined to "give it to a minority" who has not paid his dues. According to the unwritten rules of themselves and their party, the Clintons ought to have shouldered their cross in the name of diversity. Instead, they are playing the race card with a vigor beyond Helms's most extravagant dreams. In their hands and those of their surrogates (including the once well-regarded Bob Kerrey), a gracious and eloquent member of the upper house of the Congress running to be president of all of the people has become a cokehead, a dealer, a Muslim (with

GARY LOCKE

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possible terrorist leanings), an ally of slumlords, and this year's token black candidate. From the onetime president of black America, the defender-in-chief of quotas and set-asides, this is all unexpected, but then Bill and Hillary Clinton never expected that a walking example of all they professed to admire would come between them and something they thought they deserved.

Diversity based upon merit has much to commend it. But in the suicide phase of their recent history (1968-95), Democrats specialized in thinking up programs that increased the number of nonwhites and women in some occupations and classrooms, but violated ideals of color-blindness and meritocracy, and caused a large number of innocent people a great deal of undeserved pain. One was forced busing, in which children were obliged to travel long distances to bad schools in grim neighborhoods in pursuit of a numerical racial balance. Another was a system of quotas and set-asides that created a favored set of students who were admitted to elite schools with lower grades than those of other applicants who were rejected, of workers who were given promotions over more qualified colleagues, and of businesses which were awarded government contracts despite bids that were higher than those rejected rivals turned in.

It was this last class of programs that were promoted by liberal interest groups and thus by the Clintons, who bought the idea that disappointment or pain for individual people was a small price to pay for the goal of diversity. In 1995, under pressure from an assertive Republican Congress, Clinton vowed of affirmative action to "mend it, not end it," but in fact did neither. "The long-awaited pronouncement on affirmative action was correctly viewed as being more a defense than a critique of the status quo," writes the *Politico*'s John Harris in his book, *The Survivor*. "As a practical matter, the administration made little effort, except as required by legal challenges, to either mend existing programs or end those that had outlived their usefulness."

In 1997, in search of a legacy, Clinton proposed a national "conversation on race" to last for a year and to showcase his sensitivity and establish his role as a healer. The initiative collapsed in less than a year under the weight of its platitudes (such as seminars on the evil of "unconscious bias") and the announcement by Clinton's chairman, John Hope Franklin, that conversations would be limited to backers of preferences, which rather defeated the point of it all. But before it was over, Clinton embarassed himself at a contentious town meeting in Akron, Ohio, when he suddenly rounded on conservative scholar Abigail Thernstrom and demanded angrily, "Do you favor the United States Army abolishing the affirmative action program that produced Colin Powell? Yes or no?"

In the suicide phase of their recent history (1968-95), Democrats specialized in thinking up programs that increased the number of nonwhites and women in some occupations and classrooms, but violated ideals of color-blindness and meritocracy, and caused innocent people a great deal of undeserved pain. One was forced busing, in which children were obliged to travel long distances to bad schools in grim neighborhoods in pursuit of a numerical racial balance.

Unfortunately for Clinton's soundbite (as William F. Buckley among others pointed out), there was no affirmative action program that produced Colin Powell, as he had entered the ROTC program at New York's City College in 1954 and graduated at the top of his class four years later, some seven years before affirmative action was introduced at his college. Later on, "Mr. Powell and several other black colonels received their first stars while I was Secretary of the Army from 1977 to 1981," Clifford Alexander wrote in an op-ed in the *New York Times* on December 23, 1997. "Colin Powell was like his white fellow generals—no better, no worse. He did not get anything extra. . . . More important, his white colleagues did not get anything extra either. . . . There was no affirmative action program that prompted Colin Powell's promotion to brigadier general in 1978."

Alas, Clinton's concern for preferences and healing did not survive the unlooked-for appearance of an appealing young black man who rose on the merits, and wanted the job being sought by Clinton's wife. Though perhaps his reaction against Obama did not come entirely out of the blue. Late in 1995, when Powell was being mentioned as a possible nominee in the upcoming election, Clinton was enraged at an unfair kind of bias—a preference!—in the treatment being given his possible foe. "He was irritated that Powell had not been held accountable for what Clinton felt was his negligence in the Somalia intervention and indifference to the Bosnia crisis," John Harris wrote. "Clinton was appalled at what seemed to be the patty-cake treatment given to Powell by the same news media that was hazing the president daily. 'They're giving him such a free ride, it's ridiculous,' he complained to [Dick] Morris. 'He comes on TV like a saint, and those white liberal guilty journalists are so awestruck that they won't ask him a damn question,'" he said.

In 2002, when Mississippi's Trent Lott misspoke in the course of a tribute to South Carolina's Strom Thurmond, the onetime segregationist, Clinton lashed out at the entire Republican party. "How can they jump on [Lott] when they're out there repressing," he blustered. "Look at

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their whole record. He just embarrassed them by saying in Washington what they do on the back roads every day."

Yet in 2008, when Barack Obama emerged as a menace to Hillary Clinton's White House ambitions, Bill (and Hillary) replied in a manner that would have thrilled Theodore Bilbo himself. In no time at all, Clinton was comparing Obama to grievance monger and demagogue Jesse Jackson, saying of Obama's victory over Hillary in South Carolina, "Jesse Jackson won South Carolina twice, in '84 and '88. And he ran a good campaign, and Senator Obama's run a good campaign here." Of course Bill Clinton won South Carolina in 1992, but somehow that comparison didn't spring to mind.

Hillary Clinton claimed at the start that her campaign would make history, and it certainly has. The first credible black candidate for president has been slimed, as long forecast, but this time by people within his own party, by the reigning First Couple of blue state America, who, along with their gaggle of hitmen, behaved just as liberals imagine evil Republicans do, but never people like them.

Democrats have accused their own voters of having been racist. The Clinton brand has been tarnished, this time on issues beyond those of private behavior. Some analysts expect black voters to resume their old loyalty if Hillary wins the nomination, and perhaps they are prescient. But in swing states, even minor defections can make a big difference, and independent white voters may be less indulgent. They are famously resistant to race-tinctured sewage, and may be in no mood to forgive.

Bill Clinton now has the "conversation on race" he once tried to instigate but not quite on the terms he proposed. Democrats are enraged, independents are stupefied, and conservatives swing between nausea and sweet vindication at the sight of their recent tormentors now ensnared in their own pious words. ♦

The 3.6 Percent Republicans

The GOP needs McCain Democrats to win.

BY JOHN J. DIIULIO JR.

Most leading conservative writers, radio hosts, and activists would probably concur that their liberal counterparts have never really connected with average Americans. Personalities on the right sell more books and get higher radio and television ratings. And until recently, conservatives seemed to be on an electoral politics roll begun in 1994 when the GOP retook the House. Within Republican ranks, for all the talk about crack-ups and implosions, the Reagan legacy still bridges divides between libertarians, social and religious conservatives, and national security conservatives.

By comparison, the left often draws flies. Win, lose, or draw, Democrats are prone to eat their own. Post-FDR, the last time that staunch liberals saw their favorite candidate elected president was never. In fact, the only time Democrats actually nominated a candidate who toed the liberal intelligentsia's line was 1972. George McGovern, who recently called for President Bush's impeachment (cue applause in Cambridge, Mass.), got 38 percent of the national vote.

But what is true for the liberal goose is true for the conservative gander. As Daniel Patrick Moynihan liked to quip, people are entitled to their own opinions, but they are not entitled to their own facts. John McCain is more conservative on more issues than average Americans are. By every standard measure (voting record and ratings, positions on major issues), McCain is conservative. Unlike his critics on the right, however, he is no ideological purist; he is conservative, but he is not what the pollsters call "very conservative." That is one obvious reason why he has such wide appeal. For even in our decidedly right-leaning mass electorate, few Americans, including few Republicans, answer to "very conservative."

Take a glance at Gallup Organization surveys. In 2007, self-identified Republicans were about 28 percent of the mass electorate, self-identified Democrats were about 32 percent, and self-identified independents were about 39 percent. Fifty-five percent of Republicans self-identified as "conservative," 26 percent as "moderate," and 13 percent as "very conservative."

Now, do the simple math. "Very conservative" Republicans are only about 3.6 percent—28 percent times 13 percent—of the mass electorate. If that just seems too low, consult the American National Election Studies (ANES) and add the 12 percent of independents who lean Republican to the 12 percent who are self-described "weak Republicans" and the 16 percent who are self-described "strong Republicans." This sums to 40 percent of the mass electorate. But that still means just 5.2 percent of all voters (40 percent times 13 percent) qualify as "very conservative" Republicans.

To get the figure into double-digits, the "very conservative" faithful would have to be at least a quarter of the party's people, and the party's identifiers would need to be 40 percent of the mass electorate (25 percent times 40 percent just equals 10 percent). But that would be a data-free stretch.

In a country of some 300 million souls, a lively and like-minded 4 or 5 percent of the voting-age population

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can keep myriad media personalities in the money and favored candidates in office. But the conservative party cannot win the presidency without more than a little help from weakly conservative and moderate voters including Democrats and independents.

Independents matter most. Based on ANES data, Emory University's Alan Abramowitz has calculated that in the 10 elections from 1952 to 1988, the Democrat, on average, won about 40 percent of the total two-party vote cast by independents. In the last four presidential elections, however, the Democrat, on average, won 55 percent of the total two-party vote cast by independents. The independents in 2004 cast one in three ballots.

In 2000, Bush won independents 47 percent to 45 percent over Gore. In 2004, Bush lost independents, getting 48 percent to Kerry's 49 percent. The winning difference in 2004, an election in which both parties exceeded their early turnout projections, was the several million evangelical voters who favored Bush but had not turned out in 2000.

But evangelical Christians, though predominantly conservative, are trending slowly toward the center. The trend is most evident among 18- to 29-year-old white evangelicals, only 40 percent of whom self-identify as Republican. And while about a tenth of all Americans today self-identify as "religious right," about 7 percent self-identify as "religious left."

Even given another candidate as popular with evangelicals as Bush, there is simply not much more electoral juice left to be squeezed from the evangelical orange. The exception would be the fast-growing evangelical Latino population represented by groups like Esperanza USA, and encompassing Latino churches and fraternal organizations by the thousands. President Bush made measurable electoral inroads with that population, but those gains have evaporated for Republicans. The GOP's hard-line rhetoric on immigration, and its failure to deliver big on federal aid for faith-based initiatives, has alienated even religiously conservative Latino leaders.

None other than John McCain keeps asserting that Republicans lost in 2006 because they stopped strictly adhering to conservative orthodoxy by succumbing to Washington's overspending ways. This claim may warm some very conservative hearts, but total yearly federal spending as a percentage of Gross Domestic Product (GDP) has averaged in the low twenties since Reagan was president, and the annual nondefense discretionary spending that conservatives especially love to hate rose only from 3.2 percent of GDP in 1999 to 3.8 percent of GDP in 2006. Surveys indicate that most Republicans who voted for Democrats or simply stayed home in 2006 were not focused on overspending or overtaxing. Nor were they particularly upset with the GOP over social issues or support for traditional values.

Rather, as the ANES and other surveys showed, most voters, including many Republicans, were disenchanted with Bush's Iraq policies and generally worried that the country was moving in the wrong direction. Plus, the Democrats finally woke up and ran some less decidedly liberal candidates, including a few pro-life Democrats, in key races. In December 2007, Gallup surveys found voters giving Democrats the edge on four out of five issues that mattered most to them: health, taxes, the economy, and Iraq. The only issue on which voters favored Republicans was terrorism.

McCain is probably the only Republican who can win as Reagan did. In 1980, in a three-man race, Reagan won 26 percent of Democrats and 30 percent of independents. In 1984, in a two-man race, he won 26 percent of Democrats again, plus 63 percent of independents. Nor did Reagan by any means always govern from the right. He often wisely bent his sincerely held conservative principles in order to get a legislative half-loaf, a partial regulatory rollback, and so on.

I was not a Reagan Democrat, but every one of my six closest lifelong friends—each, like me, born a working-class Catholic and raised as a Democrat in the 1960s and 1970s in Philadelphia—was. I have the "liberal egghead" teasing scars to prove it. But, reflecting national trends, half voted for Kerry in 2004, and all but one voted Democratic in 2006.

So, finally, an unscientific survey: All my ex-Reagan Democrat buddies like McCain best because he is a war hero, because he seems strong on national defense, and because he looks the part. They all say that they will vote for him if he is the Republican nominee.

The 2008 presidential election may turn on whether the GOP can win back independents, and on whether my friends and millions more like them become McCain Democrats. Many other general election scenarios remain possible. But in this exceptionally weird election year, witnessing the not-so-vast right-wing conspiracy McCain-bash its way to a third Clinton term would win the prize for irony. ♦

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Obama's Opportunity

To truly transcend race, he could call for an end to racial preferences. BY TERRY EASTLAND

Barack Obama is promising change, and in an important respect he is delivering it. Obama, the son of a Kenyan, is African American, yet he isn't offering himself as "an African-American candidate" but as a candidate who happens to be African American. That's a big change. He has made transcending race an explicit theme of his campaign. That, too, is a change (cf. Jesse Jackson and Al Sharpton).

This is not what many Americans might have expected in an African American running for president, and it helps account for Obama's astonishing rise. Yet it remains the case that the senator from Illinois has taken positions on issues involving race that are at odds with his soaring rhetoric about overcoming racial division.

Consider, for example, Obama's criticism of the Bush administration for opposing race-based preferences in the 2003 Michigan admissions cases. Obama was for preferences. In the undergraduate case, the admissions program automatically awarded 20 points to African-American, Hispanic, and American-Indian applicants. (You needed 100 out of a possible 150 to be admitted.) Applicants of the "wrong" race and ethnicity—whites and Asian Americans—thus were disadvantaged in the competition for places. The Supreme Court ruled against the university, though it also left the law school's admissions program standing. As a result, admissions programs across the nation are able to continue to use race and ethnicity as selection criteria.

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On the campaign trail Obama often says that he doesn't see a black America or a white America or a Latino America or an Asian America, but the United States of America. But that's not how admissions officers at many institutions of higher education decide who gets opportunities. They see race and ethnicity, and they choose who gets admitted with those criteria in mind.

> He is a Democrat, and most Democrats in national leadership positions are, as he has been in office, defenders of preferences. Yet his campaign rhetoric embraces principles that, if he were to apply them fairly, would demand an end to preferences.

In 2006, Obama opposed the Michigan Civil Rights Initiative. "Proposal 2 is wrong for Michigan and it's wrong for America," he said in an ad. The measure passed with 58 percent of the vote. Now part of the Michigan code, the law prohibits preferences in employment, contracting, and education (including, by the way, the preferences at the law school upheld by the Supreme Court in 2003).

Obama's criticism of the Bush administration in the Michigan cases and his opposition to the Michigan Civil Rights Initiative suggest that he's a standard-issue liberal on policy questions involving race. Yet there may be more to him.

Obama has shown a willingness to consider positions that depart from the party line. Take the case of race-based admissions programs: Though Obama supports them, he seems open to changing them so that they are based on socioeconomic criteria. Last May he said on ABC's *This Week*: "I think that we should take into account white kids who have been disadvantaged and have grown up in poverty and shown themselves to have what it takes to succeed." If admissions programs were class-based, they would no longer distinguish and divide by race. You could even say they would transcend race.

Obama's candidacy invites a hopeful question: Would he be willing to move against preferences as our 44th president? The reasons to think he wouldn't are obvious. He is, after all, a Democrat, and most Democrats in national leadership positions are, as he has been in office, defenders of preferences. Yet his campaign rhetoric embraces principles that, if he were to apply them fairly, would demand an end to preferences.

Obama not only speaks about the need to transcend race and overcome racial division, but he also seems to have rejected the racial essentialism that preferences promote. In his victory speech in South Carolina, Obama condemned "a politics that tells us that we have to think, act, and even vote within the confines of the categories that supposedly define us." If that "old politics" is to be repudiated, what should take its place but the politics advanced by the civil rights movement until recent decades, which respects the right of each individual to be treated without regard to race or ethnicity? That politics gained its finest legal expression in the Civil Rights Act of 1964, a plainly colorblind law. The civil rights initiatives passed in recent years by California, Washington, and Michigan (and on the ballot in five states this November) likewise

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forbid different treatment based on race.

If Obama were to decide to move against preferences, he could look to the precedent of the Democratic Leadership Council, which in 1995 called for an end to preferencs in all federal programs. He could point out that the DLC's position, whatever its merits then, has become more and more compelling with the passage of time. Preferences were introduced into the federal government (as elsewhere) and have been continued on representations that they would be temporary. Surely, Obama could say, after 40 years they have served their purpose. Note, by the way, the familiar terms in which the DLC, 13 years ago saw race-based programs: Preferential affirmative action "divides Americans most dramatically along racial lines," making it "more rather than less difficult to transcend racial difference."

If he proposed phasing out preferences, Obama would meet with furious opposition from inside his own party, even from supporters of his candidacy. Obama would have to hold strong. But, if he did, voters tired of the "old politics" of race would have a strong reason to be for him. These voters would include many Democrats, to be sure, but probably also a substantial number of Republicans and independents.

And Hillary Clinton? How would she respond in the battle for their party's nomination? Certainly it would complicate the strategy the Clintons tried in South Carolina of making Obama into a "black candidate." And, if she decided to dig in her heels and defend her husband's work in 1995 when he was faced with what to do about federal preference programs, if she opposed Obama's position by saying that Bill's decision to "mend, but not end" affirmative action was right and that there is no need to revisit the matter . . . well, she wouldn't be on the side of change, would she? She'd be the one stuck in the past. Obama could be on his way to winning the nomination. And on to the making of a politically diverse and ultimately victorious coalition this fall. ♦

Hillary's Delegate Condition

Why the Democratic party's rules may lead to a brokered convention. BY JOHN MCCORMACK

"I do believe that this primary will not settle our nominee," Democratic congressman Jim Clyburn said on January 25. "I think our nominee will be settled at our convention."

For months, speculation about a brokered convention centered on the fractious Republican party, while the Democrats were expected to unite early on behind a frontrunner who would focus on taking back the White House from George W. Bush. But now, John McCain is poised to lock up the Republican nomination. And it's a real possibility that the Democrats will head to their convention in August without a presumptive nominee.

Even if the popular vote in a congressional district with four delegates ended up 60 percent to 40 percent, Obama and Clinton would each get two delegates. In districts with three or five delegates, a one-point win would have the same effect as a 20-point win on that district's delegate allocation.

McCain is in a much stronger position than Hillary Clinton because many of the Republican primaries deliver all of their delegates to the popular vote winner, while every Democratic primary awards its delegates proportionally. Even though he won in Florida by only 5 percentage points, McCain received all of the state's 57 delegates. In contrast, Clinton's poll-defying two-point win over Obama in New Hampshire actually resulted in a tie for delegates: Obama and Clinton each got nine. If Clinton wins the popular vote in a slew of states by single-digit margins on Super Tuesday, she and Obama will still be neck and neck in the delegate race.

"You have the serious potential of having the scenario where no candidate is able to coalesce a majority of delegates," says veteran Democratic consultant Tad Devine, who was in charge of delegate operations for Walter Mondale and Michael Dukakis. "If you have two candidates who . . . get more than 30 percent of the popular vote, then those two candidates are going to essentially split the delegates."

While about one-third of Democratic delegates are allocated proportionally according to the statewide popular vote, the rest are awarded proportionally by congressional district, with the more populous and heavily Democratic districts receiving a greater number of delegates. Even if the popular vote in a congressional district with four delegates ended up 60 percent to 40 percent, Obama and Clinton would each get two delegates. In districts with three or five delegates, a one-point win would have the same effect as a 20-point win on that district's delegate allocation; they would split, two to

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one and three to two. At the Nevada caucuses, these rules favored Obama. He lost the statewide popular vote by six points but racked up 13 delegates to Clinton's 12 because he won more congressional districts.

If Super Tuesday results in a stalemate between Obama and Clinton, the key to the nomination will likely be the "super-delegates"—796 Democratic party leaders, who make up 20 percent of the delegates at the Democratic convention. Some on the left have criticized the super-delegates—which were created in the 1980s to give the Democratic establishment the power to quell possible McGovernite insurrections—for being antidemocratic. Indeed, a candidate could win the 2,025 delegates required to become the nominee with the support of 80 percent of super-delegates and only a little over 40 percent of delegates actually chosen by primary voters. But the voters still have a lot of influence over super-delegates.

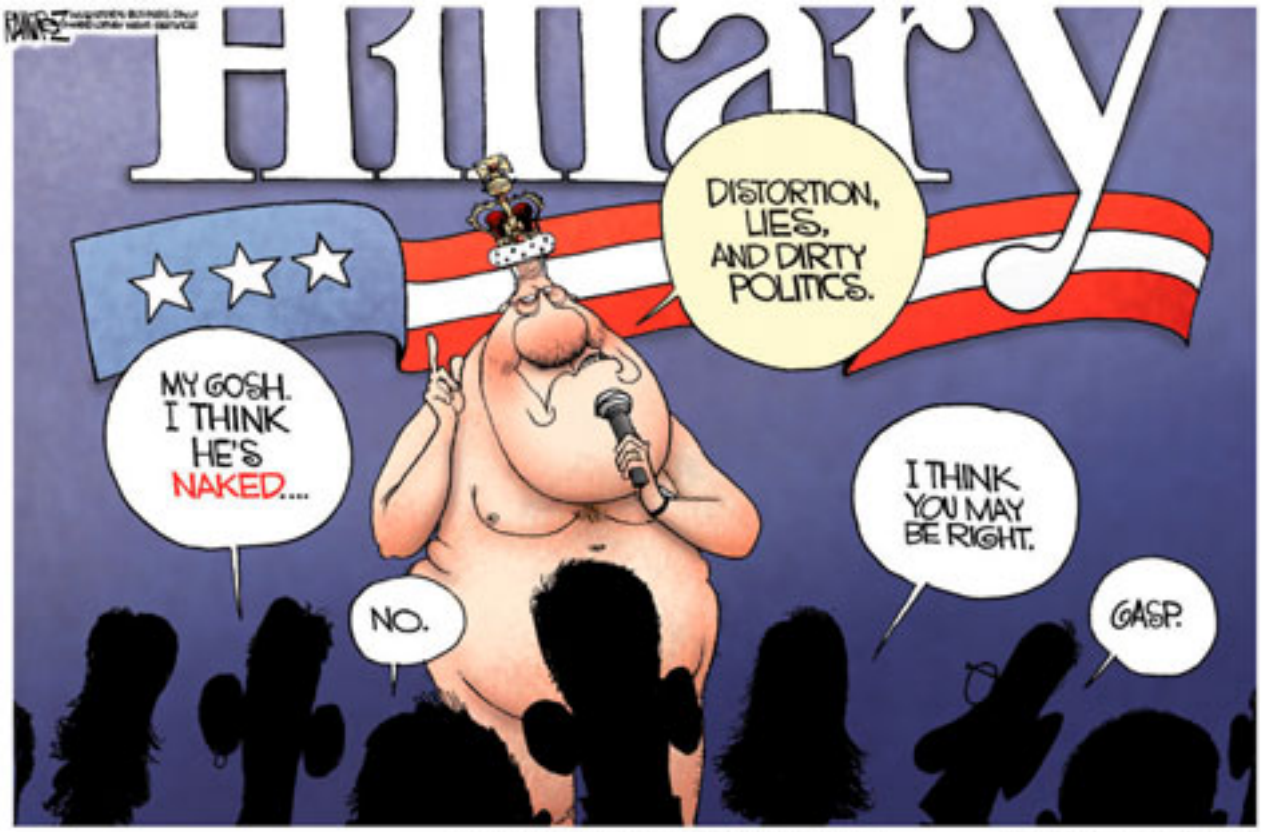
Devine says that though super-delegates may be party leaders, they are in effect "followers—they wait to see what voters do" and support "who's ahead and who's likely to win." Furthermore, almost 90 percent of the super-delegates are members of Congress, governors, and Democratic National Committee members who will all feel pressure to vote according to the preference of their constituents.

If the super-delegates don't break decisively in favor of one candidate following the 17 primaries and caucuses held between February 6 and March 11, then the Democratic race could turn into a behind-the-scenes scrum for super-delegates that lasts all the way to the convention, with Obama and Clinton alternately twisting the arms and groveling at the feet of congressmen, DNC members, John Edwards, and Bill Richardson.

Congressman Clyburn believes that a brokered convention might help the Democrats put aside the primary campaign infighting and "put together a ticket that will deliver us victory in the electoral college." But it could just as easily lead to greater division and rancor.

Hillary Clinton might fight to seat the delegations from Florida and Michigan, which were stripped of their delegates for breaking DNC rules by moving up their primaries. If the delegate race is really close, the nomination could even hinge on one small contingent of 23 super-delegates: "distinguished party leaders" like Bill Clinton, Jimmy Carter, Al Gore, Tom Daschle, and Terry McAuliffe. There could also be a fight regarding the state parties' selection of 76 "add-on" super-delegates—minority and/or female delegates designated according to DNC rules to compensate for the fact that too many super-delegates are white males.

These are all fights that party leaders want to avoid, which is why the super-delegates are likely to anoint a nominee before the convention. Whether that happens in February or June, however, is anyone's guess. ♦



THE EMPEROR'S OLD CLOTHES

MICHAEL RAMIREZ

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When teens want to get high
YOUR PRESCRIPTION IS AVAILABLE FOR PICK UP.

TEENS ARE ABUSING PRESCRIPTION DRUGS THEY FIND AT HOME.
HERE'S WHAT THEY ARE DOING—AND HOW PARENTS CAN STOP IT.

It can be medication left over from your last surgery. Maybe they're the pills you keep on the dresser or tucked inside your purse. Teens are finding prescription drugs wherever people they know keep them—and abusing them to get high. In fact, 70 percent of persons age 12 and older who abuse prescription painkillers say they get them from a relative or friend[1]—leading to several troubling trends:

- **Every day, 2500 kids age 12 to 17 try a painkiller for the first time.**[2]
- **Prescription drugs are the drugs of choice for 12 and 13 year olds.**[3]
- **Teens abuse prescription drugs more than any illicit street drug except marijuana.**[4]

What's also disturbing is they don't realize these drugs can be as dangerous as street drugs. So kids who would never try street drugs might feel safe abusing prescription drugs. Misperceptions about prescription drug abuse have serious consequences. In fact, drug treatment admissions for prescription painkillers increased more than 300 percent from 1995 to 2005.[5] Now that you know prescription drug abuse is a problem, here are ways parents can keep it from affecting their kids' lives:

- **Safeguard** all drugs at home. Monitor quantities and control access.
- **Set clear rules** for teens about all drug use, including not sharing medicine and always following the medical provider's advice and dosages.
- **Be a good role model** by following the same rules with your own medicines.
- **Properly conceal and dispose** of old or unused medicines in the trash.
- **Ask friends and family** to safeguard their prescription drugs as well.

Following these steps is a start. Let your teen know where you stand.
When you talk about drugs and alcohol, include prescription drugs in the conversation.
To learn more, visit **THEANTIDRUG.COM** or call **1-800-788-2800**.

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1. 2006 National Survey on Drug Use and Health, SAMHSA, September 2007.
2. Ibid. 3. Ibid. 4. Ibid. 5. 2005 Treatment Episode Data Set, SAMHSA, 2007.

Office of National Drug Control Policy

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The Canadian Peril

Why they're checking passports at the border now.

BY OLIVIER GUITTA

In terms of Islamic extremists in Canada [as] they regard the proximity of Canada to the U.S., it's making Canada a kind of Islamic extremist aircraft carrier for the launching of major assaults against the U.S. mainland.

—David Harris, former chief of strategic planning for the Canadian Security Intelligence Service

The above, slightly overdramatic statement is taken from an interview with *Frontline* all the way back in May 2001. Just last week, the United States finally got around to instituting identification checks on its sparsely patrolled 5,500-mile northern border. These replace the longstanding honor system beloved of frequent border crossers and aspiring terrorists alike.

As of January 31, U.S. and Canadian citizens age 20 and up must present proof of citizenship and identity to enter the country. The simple oral declaration that one is an American or Canadian citizen will no longer suffice.

U.S. Customs and Border Protection (CBP), a service of the Department of Homeland Security, has its work cut out for it. In just three months last year, from October to December, CBP officers reported 1,517 instances of individuals stopped at the border falsely claiming to be U.S. citizens. And according to a report from the Government Accountability Office dated September 2007, investigators were able "to cross undetected, successfully simulating the cross-border movement of radioactive materials."

The threat is not merely hypothetical. Not only have members of extremist groups and wanted suspects found a congenial haven in Canada, they have done so at a time when immigration to Canada from terror-exporting regions is on the rise.

The list of terrorist attacks planned or perpetrated by Canada-based individuals—of which the "millennium plot" against Los Angeles International Airport is only the most famous—is already considerable. The millennium plot, of course, was foiled when an alert border guard at Port Angeles, Washington, arrested an Algerian resident of Canada attempting to enter the United States with nitroglycerin and four timing devices concealed in a spare-tire well of his car. A member of the Algerian Armed Islamic Group, Ahmed Ressam is serving 22 years in prison.

More recently, on January 18, a New York judge sentenced Canadian Mohammed Jabarah to life for plotting to blow up the U.S. embassies in Manila and Singapore in 2001; apparently his clean Canadian passport helped him become an al Qaeda operative. The October 2002 bombing of a night club in Bali and a 1996 truck bomb attack in Colombo, capital of Sri Lanka, also had Canadian connections.

According to *Le Figaro*, Canadian authorities recently confirmed that a Lebanese Palestinian sought by France for his role in the 1980 bombing of the Rue Copernic synagogue, which killed 4 and injured 20, is in Canada and has become a citizen. Even the leader of the Canadian branch of the Tamil Tigers, Manickavasagam Suresh, arrested in 1995 as a threat to national security and ordered deported, is still in Canada 13 years later.

Some Canadian authorities admit the vulnerabilities created by their laws and lax policies on matters like extradition. A June 2007 backgrounder on counterterrorism by the Canadian Security Intelligence Service (a kind of combined FBI-CIA) concedes, under the heading "Canada as a base for terrorist activities":

> Our country's openness and respect for human rights also make it attractive to members of terrorist organizations bent on using Canada as a base to support their activities. International terrorist groups have been active in Canada for years but, more often than not, they were engaged in support of activities such as fundraising or acquiring *matériel* and equipment. In the last decade or so, the threat has evolved, and Canadians and Canadian interests at home and abroad are at increased risk.

Canada's immigration policies deserve similar scrutiny. In particular, the province of Quebec, seeking to augment its French-speaking population, is actively recruiting immigrants from North Africa. Some 38,000 came between 2002 and 2006. The Muslim population of the province, just 45,000 in 1991, is estimated at 200,000 today. Algeria and Morocco—both enduring increasing violence from groups like Al Qaeda in the Islamic Maghreb—together provided 17 percent of new arrivals to the province in 2006. Extremist sympathizers and terrorists on the run can easily enter North America as part of this flow.

Still, more stringent border and immigration policies are not by themselves a solution. The arrest of 18 homegrown terrorist suspects in Toronto in June 2006 is evidence that in Canada—as in Europe—Islamic extremism is no longer necessarily imported.

Stewart Bell, *National Post* reporter and author of the eye-opening *Cold Terror: How Canada Nurtures and Exports Terrorism Around the World* (2004, updated in 2007), quotes an unnamed Russian security official telling a Royal Canadian Mounted Police officer, "Canada is the land of trusting fools." The message for its southern neighbor: Beware. ♦

Olivier Guitta is an adjunct fellow at the Foundation for the Defense of Democracies and the founder of the newsletter the Croissant.

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New Orleans, September 5, 2005

KHAMPHA BOUAPHANH / FORT WORTH STAR-TELEGRAM / MCT

A Disaster in the Making

Insurers don't need a federal bailout.

BY ELI LEHRER

Late last year, two recently elected southern Republican governors, Louisiana's Bobby Jindal and Florida's Charlie Crist, vowed to work together for a "national catastrophe fund" to reduce the soaring insurance premiums for owners of homes in disaster-prone areas. With the endorsement of the governors of all 16 southern states plus Puerto Rico and a bill that has passed in the House of Representatives, the idea has a decent chance of becoming law. It could, though, end up causing significant fiscal and monetary problems for the nation as a whole.

Eli Lehrer is a senior fellow at the Competitive Enterprise Institute in Washington, D.C.

A national catastrophe fund, also known as "federally backed reinsurance" or "backstopping," would essentially transform the U.S. Treasury into the ultimate insurer of last resort for nearly every disaster-prone private home in the country. When damages exceeded a certain level as a result of natural disaster or terrorist attack, a newly created reinsurer—under a proposal currently in Congress, a "private" company with a board made up of high government officials—would step in and pay off the insurers. Another similar proposal focuses on selling such "reinsurance" to states. Under any such proposal, the insurers, in turn, would pay out claims to consumers.

Dozens of private companies already sell reinsurance that functions this way, but—by virtue of tax-free status, creditworthiness, economies of scale, and the implicit promise of a government bailout—the new quasi-governmental insurer could presumably do it for less money. The theory is that this would cut costs for insurers and protect their profits, and they in turn would pass the savings on to consumers. Taxpayers, the theory goes on, would have little to lose because the new reinsurer could, at minimum, break even.

To see why this is unlikely to work, one needs only to look at two existing programs: Governor Crist's own Florida Hurricane Catastrophe Fund and the National Flood Insurance Program (NFIP). Florida's catastrophe fund, founded in 1993 in the wake of Hurricane Andrew, has done almost nothing to reduce rates for consumers in the private market and imposed

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a potentially bankrupting $30 billion liability on the state. Like the legislation before Congress, the Florida plan is a reinsurance mechanism that sells nothing directly to consumers. Unlike the legislation before Congress, however, it lacks the private façade and operates under guidelines that leave insurance companies with significant exposure. Because of this, it has less flexibility and next to no support from the insurance industry.

The NFIP works even less well. Although Congress intended the program to support itself, it regularly borrows money from the U.S. Treasury (it currently owes almost $18 billion that many in Congress want to forgive), has fallen years behind on a project to modernize the maps it uses for setting rates, and, as a result, doesn't achieve its main objective of discouraging building in flood prone areas.

A bill has already passed the House of Representatives that would let the program issue "multi-peril" insurance to cover hurricanes, tropical storms, and perhaps other events. This proposed expansion of the NFIP would still leave the government as a primary insurer (as it is today for floods) rather than being a reinsurer. This might be better than "backstopping" since the government would probably only write policies in the highest risk places and thus would take a smaller market share.

It could, however, make things worse in the long run because a federal wind program would likely lose lots of money each time a serious hurricane hit the United States. It would also encourage the withdrawal of private companies from the wind insurance market by undercutting their rates. As the legislative language would stop the proposed wind program from writing new policies if it ever goes into debt, consumers would likely end up without government or private wind coverage.

This would create some unenviable choices for Congress and the program's overseers at the Department of Homeland Security. Because of the flexibility of the flood program's chief authorizing legislation—its structure is largely a product of regulations rather than laws—however, it appears likely that DHS could morph it into a somewhat more stable general-purpose catastrophe fund generous enough to nudge at least some private companies into the market. Even if DHS could not do this on its own, however, Congress would likely turn around and replace the wind and flood program with a general purpose catastrophe fund. Indeed, it would have little choice but to do so.

A national program's liability could easily top $100 billion. And it seems unlikely to help consumers. Even if a federal fund actually did cut private insurance premiums, its total liabilities following a major catastrophe would likely be high enough to raise both interest and inflation rates nationally. And it would promote development in lots of disaster-prone places.

Considering the $30 billion price tag for Florida's own fund, a national program's liability—however structured—could easily top $100 billion. And it seems unlikely to help consumers. Even if a federal fund actually did cut private insurance premiums where Florida's hasn't, its total liabilities following a major catastrophe would likely be high enough to raise both interest and inflation rates nationally. And it would promote development in lots of disaster-prone places.

Ultimately, people living far from coasts and earthquake-prone areas would end up paying for those who do through either taxes or higher insurance premiums. Since existing private reinsurers can spread their risks internationally and already avoid most taxes, government-backed reinsurance might not cost less either unless Congress imposed prices so low that a government reinsurer would need a bailout.

Insurers don't all like the idea either even though it might improve their bottom lines. While the country's two largest writers of homeowners' insurers—State Farm and Allstate—support catastrophe funds (as does one of the two property and casualty insurance trade associations), others haven't followed. Marc Racicot, the head of the American Insurance Association—makes the predominate industry position clear: "We do not want Congress going down the road of incenting the creation of additional mechanisms that would interfere with the private market's ability to protect homeowners and businesses." Consumer groups have generally concurred.

While Crist, Jindal, and their counterparts are making an effort to confront a real problem, several other ideas deserve a try before the nation takes the enormous risk of setting up a national catastrophe fund. First, reducing regulation on insurance companies marketing securities to back insurance policies—an idea even the left-wing Consumer Federation of America supports—could provide many of the benefits of a government program without the need for intervention.

Second, broader markets for insurance—through proposals to let insurance companies organize themselves under federal rather than state laws, sell insurance across state lines, and operate under interstate agreements—could manage risk on a broader scale and reduce costs.

Third, better tax treatment of reinsurance and money that insurers set aside for catastrophes would probably help cut rates. Finally, a proposal from the Travelers Companies to create a special zone for private wind insurance has significant promise for helping hurricane-prone areas.

Although none of these ideas provides the tempting quick fix of a new federal reinsurance capacity, they also don't expose taxpayers to massive new liabilities. ♦

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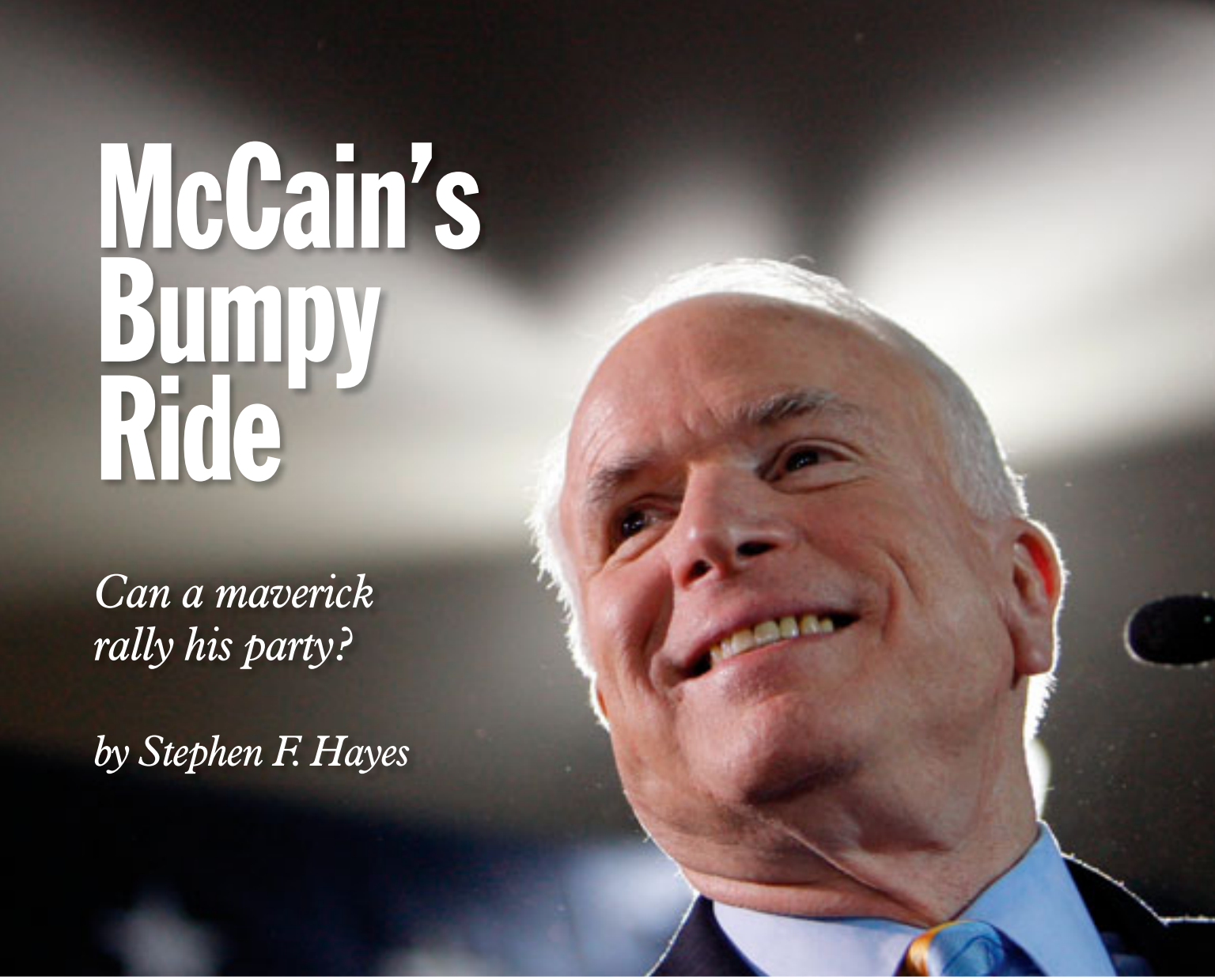
McCain's Bumpy Ride

Can a maverick rally his party?

by Stephen F. Hayes



REUTERS / CARLOS BARRIA

On an unseasonably warm winter day in 1974, at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington, D.C., California governor Ronald Reagan delivered a speech that is often cited today as a founding document of Reagan-sty le optimism.

He quoted John Winthrop, first governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, who in 1630 declared: "We shall be like a City upon a Hill." Reagan described the uniqueness of the American character and challenged those who suggested the United States was in decline. He concluded his remarks this way:

> We cannot escape our destiny, nor should we try to do so. The leadership of the free world was thrust upon us two centuries ago in that little hall in Philadelphia. In the days following World War II, when the economic strength and power of America was all that stood between the world and the return to the dark ages, Pope Pius XII said, "The American people have a great genius for splendid and unselfish actions. Into the hands of America God has placed the destinies of an afflicted mankind."
>
> We are indeed, and we are today, the last best hope of man on earth.

Stephen F. Hayes is a senior writer at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

John McCain remembers those words and the ones Reagan spoke moments earlier to open his speech.

> There are three men here tonight I am very proud to introduce. It was a year ago this coming February when this country had its spirits lifted as they have never been lifted in many years. This happened when planes began landing on American soil and in the Philippines, bringing back men who had lived with honor for many miserable years in North Vietnam prisons. Three of those men are here tonight, John McCain, Bill Lawrence and Ed Martin. It is an honor to be here tonight. I am proud that you asked me, and I feel more than a little humble in the presence of this distinguished company.

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John McCain is not Ronald Reagan. In fact, where Reagan ultimately created a governing conservative coalition, McCain's success in the early GOP primaries has threatened to tear it apart. But absent a dramatic turn of events, McCain will be like Reagan in one very important respect: He will be the presidential nominee of the Republican party.

When John McCain first ran for president, back in 2000, he won the New Hampshire primary by 18 points, briefly forestalling George W. Bush's seemingly inevitable victory. Bush had more money. He had the big name and the big-name advisers. Other elected officials boasted about their invitations to the governor's mansion in Austin and tripped over themselves to endorse Bush. McCain's win—and the size of it—shocked the political world. And no one was more surprised than McCain himself.

For months, McCain had run a carefree campaign. There were no expectations, so there was no pressure. Then he won New Hampshire, and he was, as Tucker Carlson wrote in these pages, "the dog who caught the car."

Carlson described McCain, just moments after his New Hampshire victory, looking sullen and anxious as he waited for an interview with CNN's Larry King.

> He has his eyes locked, unblinking, on the blank camera in front of him. His teeth are set, his chin thrust forward in go-ahead-I-dare-you position. Between interviews, he maintains the pose. McCain looks on edge and unhappy, not at all like a man who has just achieved the greatest political triumph of his life. There is no relief on his face.

On his campaign bus two days before last week's Florida primary, I reminded McCain of those dark moments of his last campaign, the days right after he won, and asked him if he just prefers to be the underdog. He started with a hearty laugh, took a bite of a Nature Valley Oats 'N Honey granola bar, and grew quiet.

"I feel good about our campaign," he said before pausing for almost ten seconds.

> It's not that I like being behind. I don't think anybody in sports, in business, likes to be behind. But you also know that in my life, I've always kind of relished the fight. Whether it's coming to defend a little guy on the playground that's getting picked on or whether it's gonna be telling the guard in the prison camp—yell the obscenities at him as we're going to the latrine. There is something in my personality, I gotta admit to you, that enjoys the fight. I enjoy the challenge. I just, I just do. A lot of times, not a lot of times, but there have been times when I've picked a fight when I didn't need to, you know that. What I've tried to do over the years is to pick my fights and know when it's important to have a confrontation and when not. Let it go! Some real or imagined slight, let it go! Having to spend time with some jerk journalist who knows that this is my point of view and then reports it absolutely wrong. Let it go! You know. I haven't gotten that bad. I apologize. I do relish the intellectual discussions. And I have to tell you that I hope that over the years I've grown to be a better candidate—more knowledgeable on the issues, broader base of support.

'What I've tried to do over the years is to pick my fights and know when it's important to have a confrontation and when not. Let it go! Some real or imagined slight, let it go!'

That little bit of self-reflection—"I've always kind of relished the fight"—probably better explains John McCain's unusual political life and curious ideological journey than anything an outside observer has ever said or written. McCain has been described as a "maverick" so often that writers consciously avoid the cliché. Yet it's still true.

Today, McCain is a maverick because he often publicly challenges Republican orthodoxies—on tax cuts, the environment, the funding of campaigns. Well, back when the Vietnam war was gradually drawing to a close, being a conservative and a hawk wasn't enough. McCain found himself at odds with a Republican establishment that had given the nation wage and price controls. In 1976, when the party nominated Gerald Ford, McCain pronounced himself a "proud Reagan conservative."

In Congress, first as a member of the House of Representatives and later in the Senate, McCain compiled a voting record that could only be described as conservative. But as his party moved to the right, after Republicans took over Congress and later consolidated federal power under George W. Bush, McCain increasingly found himself publicly at odds with his party.

Of course, this can be—and often is—overstated. On most issues McCain votes with his party. And sometimes he finds himself virtually alone to the right of his colleagues, as he has for years on reducing spending and as he did at many critical moments of the Iraq war.

Indeed, one could argue that McCain has never been more of a maverick, more antiestablishment, than on Iraq. He called for more troops and a change in strategy

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Governor Charlie Crist of Florida endorses John McCain.

REUTERS / CARLOS BARRIA

almost immediately after the invasion. As he is fond of reminding voters, McCain was critical of Donald Rumsfeld years before President Bush nudged him aside in November 2006. And McCain was an early and vocal proponent of a change of strategy that included more troops. He urged this in the face of calls for withdrawal from Democrats, political worries from fellow Republicans, and open scorn from the news media.

Iraq was once again at the center of the political debate last week, after McCain accused Mitt Romney of supporting "secret timetables" for withdrawal. Romney denied the accusation and complained that McCain's attacks were dishonest. Many in the media agreed with Romney and criticized McCain.

McCain didn't care. He discussed the flap aboard his bus as we traveled from rally to rally in Florida.

> At the time [of Romney's remarks] it was whether we were going to stay or go. And that's what it was all about. "Timetables" was the buzzword and everybody knows it. . . . "Timetables" was the codeword for "bailout." . . . It has to be viewed in the context of the time and what was going on at the time—that was, everybody wanted out. Nobody but a few of us said we not only can't get out, we can't set timetables, we've got to increase troops. We've got to have the surge.

As he spoke, McCain fingered a 3x5 index card with the exact words Romney had used. In speeches and in discussions with journalists, McCain fights the accusation that he distorted Romney's words by simply reading the words verbatim. When he finishes, he raises his eyebrows to affect an expression that says: See?

Not everyone does. But that doesn't bother him.

"I've always kind of relished the fight." ♦

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Speaking of Islam

Liberty and grievance in Canada

By Lee Harris

The English-speaking peoples are justifiably proud of their tradition of free speech. When Thomas Macaulay reviewed the achievements of the Glorious Revolution of 1688, he observed that the victorious English Whigs had shown how "the authority of law and the security of property" could be reconciled with "a liberty of discussion and of individual action never before known."

Since Macaulay's day, many of the other nations of the world have also figured out how to reconcile liberty of discussion with the general welfare, until a point has been reached where we in the West have completely forgotten what a remarkable achievement our ancestors bequeathed to us. Even a devout Whig like Macaulay, writing midway between us and the Glorious Revolution, recalled a time when unrestricted liberty of discussion could not be made compatible with domestic tranquility. Today, on the other hand, most of us have lost any awareness of the painful fact that, under certain conditions, a society might be forced to make a tragic choice between two incompatible goods, namely, free speech and the public welfare. Yet the events of the last several years should have awakened us from our dogmatic slumber, for when it comes to speaking of Islam, there is troubling evidence that our cherished liberty of discussion may not be compatible with security of life and limb, not to mention the security of property.

It is only by keeping these sobering facts in mind that we can hope to put into perspective the strange drama unfolding in Canada—a drama that contains elements that might have been borrowed from the theater of the absurd, making it uncertain whether we are dealing with a surreal farce or an all too real tragedy.

Lee Harris is the author, most recently, of The Suicide of Reason: Radical Islam's Threat to the West.

On January 11, 2008, in a small drab government office in Alberta, a hearing was held to investigate a complaint brought against Ezra Levant, a Canadian publisher, author, and libertarian activist. The case, in truth, had its origins two years earlier in Denmark, where the daily newspaper *Jyllands-Posten* commissioned and published a set of cartoons lampooning the prophet known to Muslims as Muhammad. As most of us remember, after a delay of several months, and with an assist from a road-show to the Middle East organized by unhappy Danish imams, the so-called Danish cartoons set off havoc in various corners of the Muslim world, leaving a death toll of around 100 people, many of whom were shot by police in their attempt to quell the riots. In the aftermath, Prime Minister Anders Fogh Rasmussen stated that the cartoon controversy was the worst international crisis for his country since World War II, when Denmark was invaded by the Nazis.

Ezra Levant's magazine, the now defunct *Western Standard*, decided to reprint the cartoons in order to let its readers see and judge the drawings for themselves. When the cartoons appeared, there were no riots, deaths, or international crises. But, not long afterwards, he found himself in hot water.

Ezra Levant had nothing to do with the original cartoon debacle. His magazine, the now defunct *Western Standard*, decided to reprint the cartoons in order to let its readers see and judge the drawings for themselves. When the cartoons appeared on February 14, 2006, there were no riots, deaths, or international crises. But, not long afterwards, Levant found himself in hot water. Syed Soharwardy, representing the self-proclaimed Islamic Supreme Council of Canada, filed a complaint with the Calgary police, alleging that Levant was inciting hatred against him—a crime in Canada. These criminal charges, according to the Calgary police, are still under investigation. In addition, Soharwardy lodged a complaint with the Alberta Human Rights and Citizen Commission.

In a related case, four Muslim law students affiliated with the Canadian Islamic Congress have filed complaints against author Mark Steyn for publishing an excerpt from his bestselling book, *America Alone*, in the Canadian newsweekly *Maclean's*. These complaints, filed in December 2007, will be heard by the British Columbian Human

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Rights Tribunal and by the Canadian Human Rights Commission.

There has been remarkably little interest shown in these cases by the American media, usually so alert to perceived violations of the right to free speech, and it is perhaps too easy to speculate why the editorial boards of our leading newspapers and magazines have not gotten up in arms over these attacks on their Canadian colleagues. Could it be that they are not as keen on defending our right to speak ill of Islam as they are to defend our right to speak ill of virtually everything else? On the other hand, the Canadian cases have caught the attention of the blogosphere, especially but not exclusively among those to the right of center. After Levant made the videotape of his appearance before the Alberta Human Rights Commission available on YouTube, it was inundated with viewers, most of them enthusiastically sympathetic with his defiant response to the order to appear before the commission. There is also a Free Mark Steyn! website dedicated to information about his pending case and to defending other "Canadians from the thought police and 'human rights' commissars."

Ezra Levant

REUTERS

So what are we really dealing with here? A grave threat to the Anglo-Saxon tradition of free speech, as some seem to think, or a cautionary tale of bureaucratic folly in a nanny state running amok?

Before the commencement of his hearing, Levant read a statement in which he refused to recognize that the commission had the authority to summon him before it to answer questions relating to Soharwardy's complaint. Levant vehemently asserts that he, like everyone else, has the unconditional right to engage in speech that is offensive and unreasonable. The defiant and pugnacious attitude that Levant took has been widely echoed by his supporters, and there has been a uniform tendency to lump the various Canadian tribunals and commissions together under the heading of kangaroo courts, intent on violating what Levant, in his opening remarks, called his "inalienable" right to freedom of expression, further sanctioned, in his words, by "the 800-year tradition" of English common law on the subject.

Macaulay would have been quite surprised to learn that from the 12th century onward there were no restrictions on speech under English common law. As a Whig, Macaulay might have reminded Levant that it took the Whig revolution to secure anything like the kind of liberty of discussion that we take for granted. During the reign of James I, Macaulay might have noted, there was a heated controversy over the degree to which members of the House of Commons could freely speak their minds during a session of Parliament, and even those members of the House who pushed to protect their own right of free speech recognized that there were obvious limits beyond which it would be improper to go. No member of the House of Commons could urge the overthrow of the monarchy, for instance, or make speeches that endangered the general welfare.

In 17th-century England, no one doubted that it was often in the public interest to curb men's tongues. During

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the reign of Charles I, for example, the archbishop of Canterbury William Laud decided to hand down a ruling that forbade ministers to discuss the sublime mysteries associated with Calvin's doctrine of predestination. They could not preach it, nor could they preach against it. They could not mention it at all. This was clearly an infringement on the right of free speech, but for Laud it was an infringement that was amply justified in the interests of domestic tranquility and social harmony. For Laud, what was at stake was not so much the promotion of his own theological opinions as the suppression of the *furor theologicus* that had caused so much devastation in England and throughout Europe in the aftermath of the Reformation. What Laud wanted to achieve was not the victory of his own narrow theological opinions, but the eradication of all theological divisiveness, along with the rancor and the violence that came with it. His goal was to bring about uniformity of religious opinion and practice by weaning the English population away from violent disputations over inherently unsolvable mysteries.

If Macaulay represented the Whig approach to liberty of discussion, Laud could be said to represent the Tory approach. For Macaulay, free speech was the foundation of mankind's "intellectual improvement," so that any state that interfered with the free expression of ideas had impeded the growth of knowledge and the ethical uplift of the race. In addition, for the Whig, free speech was the ultimate bulwark against governmental or ecclesiastical despotism. For the Tory, on the other hand, the state not only had a legitimate right to interfere with free speech under certain conditions, it had a duty to interfere. If liberty of discussion threatened to incite men to violence, or caused them to take the law in their own hands, then the state, representing the general welfare and not merely its own selfish interests, had to curb this so-called liberty. Liberty yes, license, no. When preaching sermons about predestination becomes tantamount to shouting "Fire!" in a crowded theater, then such sermons must cease.

It is easy, looking back, to take a smug attitude toward the men of those times, and to preen ourselves on how much farther we have advanced in the recognition of the importance of basic human rights than our ancestors. But what we forget is that we are the heirs of a profound cultural transformation that made free speech less dangerous to the social order than it was in previous centuries. We were all brought up in a world in which it was safe to speak our minds—safe both for us, and for the other members of our community. There was a tacit compact by which we all agreed to play by the same set of rules. I could say pretty much whatever I wanted to say, provided I allowed you the same liberty. Furthermore, I agreed that I would not become too upset if you offended me, provided you agreed that you would not become too upset if I offended you. Of course, most of us would watch what we said, in the interest of not causing others too much offense, but we would not fly off the handle if now and then someone went too far over the line. We might grumble and complain; we might even decide not to speak with the person who offended us, but we would not stab the offender to death, or behead him, or riot in the streets in protest against him, or burn down buildings to indicate to the world the fury of our resentment.

Syed Soharwardy may not be an Englishman, like the able seaman of the *Pinafore*, but at least he is behaving like one, vigorously availing himself of the law and its loopholes in order to get his way, and thereby avoiding the violence that so often accompanies expression of Muslim anger in other parts of the world.

Levant, and other defenders of the classical Whig position, do not seem to realize that this tacit social compact is presently breaking down in the very nations that prided themselves the most on having achieved it. Today, because of Islam, the *furor theologicus* that we in the West thought we had put behind us is reemerging and can flare up in any part of the world. A cartoon or a film documentary that Muslims find offensive can set off a chain of reactions that lead to riots, bloodshed, the murder of innocents, and international crises. To continue to maintain, in the light of these troubling facts, that the state has no business watching what its citizens say is to indulge in a wistful anachronism. Even the most dedicated libertarian must surely realize that at some point the other members of his society may not be willing to pay the social costs of his freedom of expression. One may of course wish for a society to stand firmly behind those who have the courage to speak their minds; but it is simply naive to expect the general population to support

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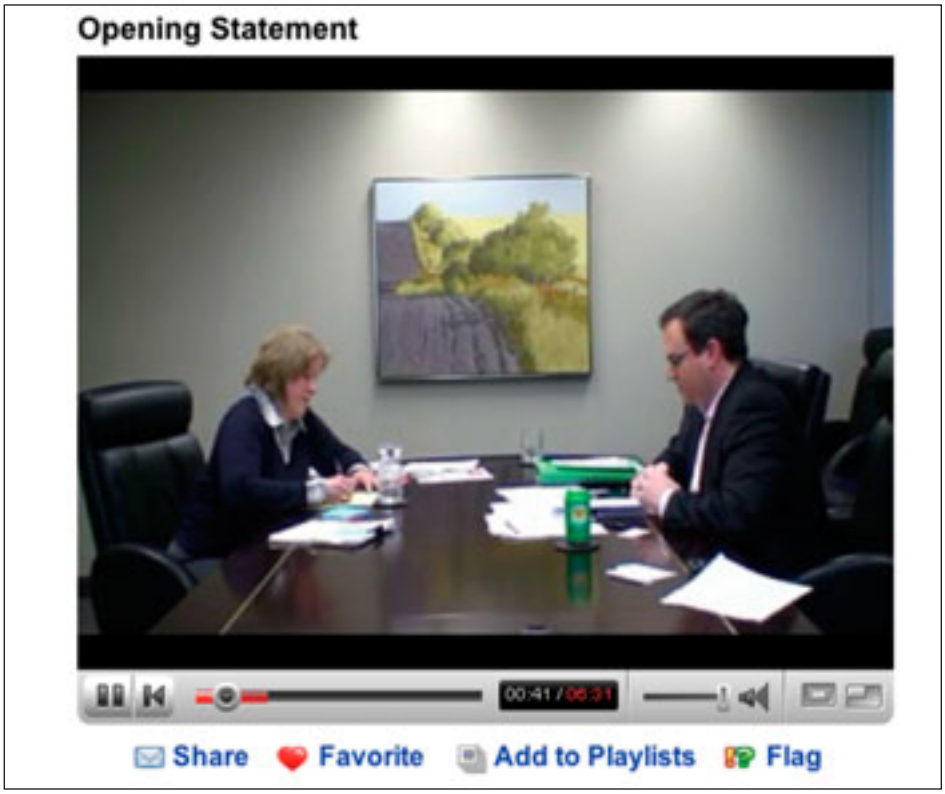
them beyond a certain point. The question is, How close are we to that point?

Let us consider several well-known examples.

First, let us go back to the publication of the original cartoons in the Danish magazine. It is highly likely that the Danish government would never have heard about these cartoons if they had lampooned Zoroaster, the Buddha, Moses, or Jesus of Nazareth. Caricatures of these revered figures might have offended certain readers, causing them to write angry letters to the editor, or even to cancel their subscriptions; but nothing would have happened to make the Danish government weigh in the balance the individual right of free expression versus the general welfare of their nation. On the other hand, if the fallout of the Danish cartoons was indeed the worst thing to happen to Denmark since the Nazi invasion, then what patriotic Dane could be happy to see his country embroiled in an international uproar because of an editorial decision at a newspaper?



Ezra Levant's interrogation, as posted on YouTube

Second, consider the well-known case of Dutch filmmaker Theo van Gogh. His protest film about the oppression of women in Islam outraged Muslim sensibility in Holland and led a lone fanatic to stab van Gogh to death in the streets of Amsterdam. The Dutch, who had achieved their celebrated tolerance after enduring the worst form of the *furor theologicus*, were stunned by this violation of the tacit compact by which they had managed to balance the desire for freedom of expression with the desire for social harmony. The effect of van Gogh's murder was chilling, since it revealed the breakdown of a fragile civil ecology that permitted the strong-minded and stubborn Dutch to live at peace with one another despite their differences.

The consequences of this breakdown were also evident in the Dutch treatment of the brave Somali-born woman who had conceived and scripted the offensive film. Van Gogh's murderer had pinned a death threat against Ayaan Hirsi Ali to his victim's chest, declaring to the world that she was a target of possible attack. For obvious reasons, the neighbors who lived in Hirsi Ali's apartment building were disturbed to think that they were living next to someone who might become the object of a terrorist attack, possibly in the form of a bombing. By speaking out courageously against radical Islam, Hirsi Ali not only put herself at risk, but, as her neighbors saw it, she had also (quite inadvertently) put them at risk. But why should her neighbors be forced to live under the same death threats that Hirsi Ali had received? They had said nothing controversial themselves, and deeply resented the idea that they might be called upon to pay the price for a courage that they had never dreamed of displaying.

Those of us who have the luxury of living risk-free can easily ridicule the paranoia of Hirsi Ali's Dutch neighbors. But their feelings were no doubt akin to those of a group of hostages held by masked men with guns, who suddenly discover that they have a hero in their midst, intent on speaking his mind to the gunmen who are holding them. The other hostages might momentarily admire the hero, but they will probably also wish that he keep his heroism to himself, since by speaking his mind he is exposing his fellow hostages to the danger of getting shot.

In the case of Hirsi Ali, her neighbors were satisfied when she moved out of the apartment block, and the Dutch government was eventually satisfied when Hirsi Ali moved out of their country. But suppose she had not

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moved. Then what? Might not the day have arrived when her neighbors asked the government to protect them by gagging her? If the person who is exercising his freedom of speech is endangering the lives of other people in his society, how long will it be before an appeal is made to quiet him by whatever means are available? Indeed, how long can such a state of affairs go on before it has an intimidating effect even on those who are by no means lacking in the courage to risk their own necks?

For example, when Pope Benedict XVI gave his Regensburg Address in 2006, there was also a Muslim backlash, less lethal than that of the Danish cartoons, but still more than enough to create serious ethical reservations in the mind of anyone of stature who undertakes to make a public criticism of Islam. If certain words can literally kill, then morally responsible men and women will naturally be hesitant to say them aloud, leading to a self-censorship that can make timorous those who are not otherwise short on courage.

In the bloody aftermath of the Regensburg Address, many journalists in the West assailed the pope for "causing" the mayhem and held him personally responsible for the death of a Catholic nun murdered in Somalia by Muslim fanatics. This attack on the pope was certainly unjustified, and yet, if we are completely honest with ourselves, we must recognize that there is a hard unpleasant kernel of truth in it. If criticism of Islam sets off riots and leads to the death of innocent people, then those who are prepared to make these criticisms must also be prepared to face the moral hazard they are running by doing so.

Fortunately, in the case of the *Western Standard*, there were no riots or deaths. It is true that Levant appears to have offended at least one Muslim, namely, the man who has filed the complaints against him. But Soharwardy did not stab Levant to death, or blow him up—and, to quote Gilbert and Sullivan, this is "greatly to his credit." Soharwardy may not be an Englishman, like the able seaman of the *Pinafore*, but at least he is behaving like one, vigorously availing himself of the law and its loopholes in order to get his way, and thereby avoiding the violence that so often accompanies expression of Muslim anger in other parts of the world. Canadian law has made the mere expression of hatred a crime, unlike American law, which must consider whether hateful speech is likely to lead to the actual physical harm of the person who is its object; and who can really fault Soharwardy for thus taking advantage of opportunities placed in his way? Levant may well object to Canadian law on this matter, and he may even be right to argue that the Alberta Human Rights Commission has exceeded its mandate by taking his case under consideration. But that is not Soharwardy's fault.

Levant appears to recognize the inherent absurdity of the situation when he compares his "interrogation" to a story by Franz Kafka. And if you watch the video on YouTube, you can see what he means. While Levant defiantly defends his ancient and inalienable rights, as if he were pleading before the Star Chamber, a lone bureaucratic inquisitor, Shirlene McGovern, sits across the table from him. Drab as the room itself, she is silent under Levant's ferociously indignant tongue-lashing. Every now and then McGovern squirms uncomfortably, raising her eyebrows at some of Levant's more extravagant claims, no doubt wishing that she could get her government paycheck without this kind of ordeal. Obviously, she is someone who, as the phrase goes, is just trying to do her job, and has no desire to abridge anyone's freedom of speech. Indeed, when Levant finishes castigating the commission that she represents, McGovern responds by saying, as any good Canadian might, "You're entitled to your opinion, that's for sure." And she obviously meant it.

Drab as the room itself, Shirlene McGovern is silent under Levant's ferociously indignant tongue-lashing. Every now and then she squirms uncomfortably, raising her eyebrows at some of Levant's more extravagant claims, no doubt wishing that she could get her paycheck without this kind of ordeal.

McGovern has been condemned as the mindless functionary of the nanny state at its worst. But before we jump on this inviting bandwagon, let us at least try to give Nanny her due. If speaking of Islam runs genuine risks of inciting violence, we cannot just pretend that it isn't so. We can be indignant about this and declaim loudly against it—but what good does such an approach really do? If criticizing Islam promotes bloodshed, then criticizing even more hardly seems like an attractive solution. On the other hand, let us look at the possible upside to the nanny approach.

Let offended Muslims file complaints to their heart's content. Make outraged imams fill out tedious forms. Require self-appointed mullahs, representing imaginary counsels and committees, to provide documentation of their grievances. Encourage them to vent through the intrinsically stifling bureaucratic channels provided

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by panels like the Alberta Human Rights Commission. Show them, nanny-like, that you care about their injured feelings. Patiently and silently listen to their indignant complaints, and let them, ideally, get it all out of their systems. Humoring, let us remember, is not appeasement, but often a clever way to coax troublesome children of all ages into behaving like civilized human beings. Every good nanny knows as much. So perhaps there is something that the rest of the world can learn from the Canadian nanny's book of tricks. If it *is* a book of tricks. . . .

COX & FORKUM

For here's the rub. If the Canadian government were using its "kangaroo courts" as a deliberate ploy to siphon off Muslim rage or to guide it into proper bureaucratic (and happily nonviolent) channels, then we could perhaps admire it for its prudence and cunning. But suppose these commissions and tribunals are not a cunning charade, designed to hoodwink ill-tempered Muslims into becoming good litigious Anglo-Saxons? What if the Canadian government actually thought that it could help matters by cracking down on writers like Ezra Levant and Mark Steyn, by fining them or by throwing them into prison, silencing those who have the courage to speak of Islam, while encouraging Muslim immigrants to feel that they can manipulate weak-kneed governments into stifling any criticism of their religion and culture? Obviously this naive approach would backfire disastrously, and would end by endangering the very domestic tranquility that it was trying to preserve.

Of one thing we can have no doubt: Short of a firing squad, there is nothing that the Canadian government can do that will have any effect on what Ezra Levant or Mark Steyn will say and write in the future. You couldn't have picked worse people to try to cow. But unfortunately, it is the nature of the nanny state to bring up citizens who have been trained not to rock the boat. Under a nanny regime, the good citizen is one who is reluctant to speak his mind merely out of fear of what other people might think. For people already this cowed, even the threat of a minor bureaucratic hassle would be a powerful argument for keeping one's mouth shut, and for standing by while our hard-won liberty of discussion is steadily eroded. Canada still has uncowable men like Levant and Steyn; but where will such men come from a generation hence?

Even worse, the threat of ongoing legal action, carried out in a number of different Canadian provinces, might be more than enough to keep less well-known writers and smaller news outlets from exposing themselves to the risk of legal costs that a magazine like *Maclean's* can afford to take. When faced with the threat of an endless hassle, draining away limited personal resources, many writers will simply take the safer course of not saying anything offensive about Islam. But since it is difficult to say in advance what will be offensive to men like Soharwardy, the safest course will be to say nothing at all. In short, gagging Canadians may not take a generation. It may work in a matter of a few months.

And is it just Canada that we are talking about? After all, if enough Muslims continue to react with violence to criticism of their religion and culture, all the other nations of the West will eventually be forced to make a tragic choice between two of our highest values. Either we must clamp down on critics of Islam, mandating a uniform code of political correctness, or else we must let the critics say what they wish, regardless of the consequences, and in full knowledge that these consequences may include the death of innocents. This is not a choice that the West has had to face since the end of our own *furor theologicus* several centuries ago, but, like it or not, it is the choice that we are facing again today. ♦

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The $72 Billion Arriviste

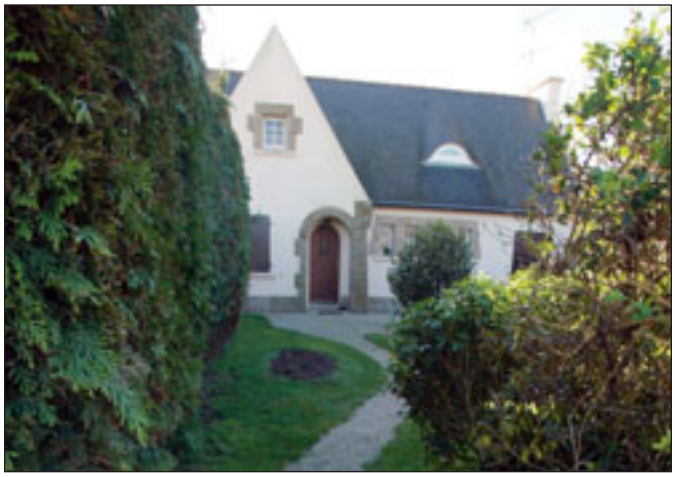
How did Jérôme Kerviel manage to lose so much of his bank's funds in so little time with so little oversight?

By Irwin M. Stelzer

"Agile brain," "shone in the public sector," a "reputation for odds-defying leadership," "bright and arrogant." The financial press's description of the rogue trader who cost Société Général (SocGen), France's second largest bank, $7.1 billion? Actually, no. That's the reputation of Daniel Bouton, the chairman and CEO of SocGen, and the man ultimately responsible for making certain that no trader can circumvent the risk-avoidance systems of his bank. Jérôme Kerviel, the 31-year-old rogue trader who didn't find Bouton's system very difficult to circumvent, is a man of "mediocre abilities" according to the *Independent* and "not really a star" according to the *Times* of London.

Kerviel graduated from the University of Lyon, an undistinguished school to which France's low flyers are consigned. Valérie Buthion, director of the university's finance department, said, "People who want to be golden boys or clever in the market don't come here." "I was held in lower regard than others because of my educational and professional background," Kerviel complained to prosecutors about SocGen.

The École Nationale d'Administration, from which Bouton emerged to become the youngest-ever member of the elite branch of the French civil service, before becoming CEO of SocGen in 1993, exists in an elite and elevated world known only by reputation in places such as the University of Lyon. So it is no surprise that Bouton's earnings are in the millions, while Kerviel was paid a mere $150,000 per year plus a tiny bonus (on the order of $2,000), extraordinarily modest by the standards of the business—which might say something about the salary scales at investment banks, but that's a topic for another day.



The Kerviel family home in western France

FRED TANNEAU / AFP / GETTY IMAGES

Experts and auditors are scrambling to figure out how Kerviel managed to dig such a deep hole for his employer, apparently in only two weeks of trading. For one thing, shortly before the debacle, several "anomalies" had been uncovered in his accounts, but the bank was content with his explanation that these were mere arithmetic errors. For another, the bank should have known to be on its guard: The press had given sensational coverage to Nick Leeson, an equally low-level employee at Britain's once august Barings Bank, when he wiped it out in 1995 with similar fraudulent, unwise bets on the very securities that Kerviel traded.

Here's how he did it, if indeed he was acting alone, as some informed members of the banking community increasingly doubt. When Kerviel was promoted from the back-office of SocGen, where he dealt with the bank's security systems, to become a trader, he took with him the codes used by controllers in the bowels of the firm to prevent traders, who do not know those codes, from taking large unhedged risks. It seems not to have occurred

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to anyone that Kerviel's promotion put the back-office, front-office separation at risk—again despite the fact that his career path was paralleling that of Leeson, who moved from processing and settling trades in Barings's back office, to the actual trading floor. The sleepy SocGen monitors finally awoke from their slumber when Kerviel entered a trade with a bank that had been put on credit restriction by SocGen and could not therefore have been involved.

No one thought that this handsome, always elegantly dressed young man—described by his mother as "a reserved, serious child," a loner with a mere 11 friends on Facebook—would decide that he could predict market movements and bet the bank, and more, on his judgment, rather than hedge his bets, as the bank's risk-averse procedures require.

Kerviel's operation was simplicity itself. He thought that European shares would move up and took large bullish positions on the Dow Jones Euro Stoxx 50 Index and the German DAX. He seemed to balance those bets with others that assumed share prices would fall, standard procedure at the bank. Except that the latter trades never happened: He used fictitious accounts created with stolen IDs and passwords and his knowledge of the bank's security systems. When monitors questioned a few of his trades, he satisfied them by producing fake emails showing that the positions had been properly hedged. And when computer monitoring threatened to uncover his scheme, he temporarily removed the trades from the system, returning them only when the computer sweeps had been completed.

SocGen's headquarters in Paris

ZUMA PRESS

All of which would have made a great story, but in the end one of more interest to SocGen's shareholders than to the rest of the world, if the discovery of the fraud had not been followed by two, perhaps three world-shaking events. The first was the worldwide collapse of share prices on January 21, wiping some $1 trillion off the value of the world's assets. No wonder, say some of those studying just how such a cataclysm could overtake world markets on a day when there was no news of disaster in any of the major economies: That was the day a shocked SocGen started to unwind its unwanted positions, which involved dumping about $73 billion worth of bad bets (roughly equal to the GDP of Slovakia and more than the total market value of SocGen) onto a market that was already edgy, taking a loss of $7.1 billion in the process.

Bouton decided that it was unfair to his stockholders, who included many of his partners, to leave the bank exposed to further drops in the market. So rather than devise a strategy for an orderly unwinding—if, indeed, such a strategy could be devised in today's markets—he decided to sell, sell, sell. The process of unwinding remains shrouded in secrecy, but it seems that most of the selling was on the Frankfurt exchange. Experts are split on whether it was this unloading of positions that triggered the collapse of share prices on January 21, but they do agree that the volume of selling on the Frankfurt and other exchanges on that and subsequent days was unusually high. We will never know: Bouton says he held to the promise he made to France's regulators to limit the scale of the sell-off on any market so as not to destabilize it, and both the Autorité des Marchés, the stock market regulator, and the Banque de France seem satisfied with his explanation. (They are less certain that the decision of a top SocGen executive to dump millions of dollars worth of shares in advance of the announcement of the fraud will escape being classified as insider trading when investigations are completed.)

What makes it uncertain that SocGen's selling triggered the worldwide share-price collapse is the fact that the Australian and Japanese markets had crashed on Sunday night, Paris time, long before SocGen began unloading its positions, and the FTSE 100 (an index of shares in leading British companies) lost 4 percent in the first few minutes of Monday trading, before SocGen's trades hit the market. Still, there were rumors of a large overhang of selling. In the end, David Wyss, chief economist at Standard & Poor's, put it best: "How much did the market decline in Europe have to do with unwinding those positions? It's hard to know . . . but it certainly looks suspicious. It is probably not the sole cause, but I am certainly not ruling it out as a significant factor."

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Ambiguity is not something that sells papers or produces television ratings. So it has been more convenient for reporters to conclude that Kerviel indeed caused a worldwide collapse in share prices by attempting to devise a foolproof system for beating the markets. Better still, a second possible world-shaking consequence of Kerviel's trades came along. Federal Reserve Board chairman Ben Bernanke and his colleagues on the very next day cut interest rates by a massive three-quarters of a percentage point. Surely, this was the Fed's panicked response to the SocGen sell-off. After all, the U.S. markets were closed on January 21 in honor of Martin Luther King Jr., there was no news that the American economy or the U.S. stock markets were in any new trouble, and therefore no reason to cut rates in advance of the regular meeting of the monetary policy committee, only a few days away. So it must have been Kerviel.

Possible, but not likely. Bernanke has been increasingly sensitive to criticism that the Fed is behind the curve, and just doesn't understand the gravity of the situation in U.S. financial markets and the economy. With one massive heave he hoped to get ahead of the so-called curve—never easy to do, given the propensity of investment bankers and related institutions to want bigger and bigger bailouts from situations they have created for themselves. Even last week's additional cut of 50 basis points seems unlikely to satisfy the Wall Street set.

So Kerviel only *might* have triggered the massive January 21 sell-off and the almost unprecedented cut in the Fed funds rate. But he certainly created uncertainty as to the future of SocGen. For one thing, French president Nicolas Sarkozy is livid: He was not told of the bank's problems until four days after they were discovered. Sarkozy is in the midst of a drive to reassert France's significance as a global player—selling nuclear plants in the Middle East, establishing a French version of the BBC, making France a force in financial markets. The ability of a single, rather undistinguished trader to make over $73 billion in unauthorized bets from the desk of one of the nation's leading financial institutions is not welcome news at the Élysée. And even though SocGen is a private-sector bank, the close interlocking of business and government that characterizes French capitalism makes it likely that Sarkozy, impatient not only in matters of the heart, will not confine himself to a Gallic shrug. "When there is an event of this nature, it cannot remain without consequences as far as responsibilities are concerned," a very annoyed French president told the press. Lest that message be misunderstood, French finance minister Christine Lagarde urged SocGen's board to "consider whether the person in place is the best to steer the ship when she is pitching, or whether the captain should be changed."

Kerviel, according to his mother, a retired hairdresser, 'didn't pocket a centime.' Perhaps. But during the time when his trades were producing profits, Kerviel racked up some $81 million in cash for the bank, which, had his luck not turned, would have generated a $300,000 bonus.

AFP / GETTY IMAGES

Sarkozy wants Bouton's head, but the SocGen board is so far backing Bouton, the man they see as best able to fend off a hostile takeover. Sarkozy, however, is passing word that it might just be best if SocGen were taken over by a rival. But only a French rival: "The government is intent on preserving it as a large French Bank," announced François Fillon, Sarkozy's prime minister. Foreign money is welcome in the U.S. banking sector, but France protects its "national champions" in what it considers one of its many "strategic sectors." The no-foreigners-welcome sign remains in place. There are, after all, limits to Sarkozy's pledge to reform and open the French economy. But BNP Paribas, France's largest bank, has hinted it would make a bid if the government reversed its earlier opposition, which was

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based on the belief that France deserves two large banks. American observers of the government's involvement in a private-sector matter are as shocked, shocked as was Captain Renault when he discovered gambling in Rick's Café Américain.

Meanwhile, Kerviel awaits his fate, which will include seven years in prison if prosecutor Jean-Claude Marin has his way—although the magistrate refused to charge Kerviel with fraud, settling for the lesser charges of abuse of trust and forgery. Bouton probably considers such a stint trivial compared with his own fall from grace. He has "temporarily renounced his salary," according to reports in the *Financial Times*, but in the long run that is unlikely to appease the shareholders who have had to pony up the billions needed to shore up the bank's balance sheet; or those who bought shares in SocGen early in the week of January 21 when Bouton knew of but had not announced the fraud; or investigators who wonder whether the bank's decision to charge the loss against last year's earnings, rather than against 2008 performance, means there is more than fraud hidden in the $7.1 billion write-down. The latter suspicions have been fanned by reports that on the very day that SocGen announced its belated discovery of Kerviel's attempt to join the ranks of macho traders, the bank also reported a $3 billion write-down due to losses in the subprime market. Even more encouraging of suspicions: At one point Kerviel had locked in well over $2 billion in profits, a third of the bank's net. He contends that his superiors had to know from those results that he was taking big risks, but were content to allow him to do so—until the markets turned against him. Not implausible.

ZUMA PRESS

Bank chairman Daniel Bouton has 'temporarily renounced his salary,' according to reports in the *Financial Times*, but in the long run that is unlikely to appease the shareholders who have had to pony up the billions needed to shore up the bank's balance sheet.

Kerviel, according to his mother, a retired hairdresser, "didn't pocket a centime." He "is not a robber; he is a good man," contend his defense lawyers. Perhaps. But during the time when his trades were producing profits, which they were during 2007, Kerviel racked up some $81 million in cash for the bank, which, had his luck not turned, would have generated a $300,000 bonus. And had his $2 billion-plus in paper profits not been wiped out early in 2008, he might even have been invited to dinner at Bouton's house, although that is not certain, distinctions being what they are in the world of French industry and finance.

Kerviel might not be the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo. But he is the man who almost broke the bank at Paris. He will not, as the old song goes, be "a mass of money, linen, silk and starch [and] . . . hear the girls declare, 'He must be a millionaire.'" Saddest of all, this shy, introverted young man, who failed in his effort to attain a black belt in karate and failed to win enough votes to obtain a seat on his hometown's municipal council, will never be able to sing, "I've such lots of money, I'm a gent."

All is not lost, however. He's being hailed as "Robin Hood" and the "Che Guevara of France." The London *Observer* reports that the French Communist party is calling Kerviel a latter-day Alfred Dreyfus, accused merely for taking on the establishment. He is a hero to the ladies in the hair salon his mother sold two years ago, and millions of his countrymen are hailing him for bringing down the "bosses" who are trying to replace the French social model with the red-in-tooth-and-claw Anglo-Saxon-style finance capitalism. Surely, a starring role in "The $7 Billion Man," or more likely "The €5 Billion Man," is in the handsome Kerviel's future. ♦

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You deserve a factual look at . . .

Peace in the Middle East (1)

Can it be achieved under the present circumstances?

After almost sixty years of the bizarre notion of not recognizing the "existence" of the State of Israel, after many years after the Oslo Accord "peace process", and after being offered unbelievably generous conditions to bring an end to the long and bloody conflict, the Palestinians have rejected those terms and have instead chosen to continue on their path of violence and confrontation. They have erupted in the bloody Al-Aksa Intifada, which so far has caused hundreds of dead and thousands of injured. The question can be raised whether peace with the Palestinians is possible at all.

What are the facts?

The Root of the Middle East Conflict. Many observers of the Middle East scene seem to believe that the root of the Middle East conflict lies in the dispute between the Palestinians and the Israeli Jews — that peace could come to the area if that conflict could be resolved. And the way it should be resolved, these observers believe, is by Israel's yielding its heartland, Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank"), in addition to the already yielded Gaza Strip, for the creation of a Palestinian state and by returning the Golan Heights to Syria. But after the late Hafez Assad's brusque refusal to accept the return of the Golan (because it would not include the shores of the Sea of Galilee), and after the late and unlamented Arafat's contemptuous refusal of Ehud Barak's generous offer, it is clear that the Arabs do not want peace — they want confrontation and the destruction of Israel.

People also overlook that the conflict between Palestinian Arabs and Jews long predates Israel's control over the administered territories, that Arab-Arab wars are endemic in the area, and that Israel would be defenseless and at the mercy of its implacable enemies if it were to yield control of these strategic territories without a full peace — not just with the Palestinians, but with all the Arabs and Muslims.

The Menace of Islamic Fundamentalism. The clamor for yielding strategic territories to the Arabs is the first step in the immutable Arab attempt to liquidate Israel altogether. Because, certainly, Israel, with its fewer than 6 million inhabitants, compared to almost 300 million Arabs, and with its less than 10,000 square miles, compared to almost 5 million square miles of the Arab countries, cannot possibly be a threat to peace or a menace to the Arabs. And reducing the territory of Israel from 10,000 square miles to 7,000 square miles would not seem likely to bring peace one step closer. The main reason that real peace is so difficult to attain is the political and cultural context of the Middle East, which is dominated by the menace of Islamic fundamentalism. By the tenets of this fundamentalism, Israel's size is not of importance; it is the very existence of Israel that, to fundamentalist believers, is an intolerable offense, an unacceptable insult to Islam. The fundamentalist Muslims — Hamas, Hezbollah, Islamic Jihad, and all the others — do not aim at peace with Israel or the recovery of some territory. Their publicly declared aim is the destruction of the Jewish State. On more than one occasion, the Islamic Jihad has stated: "[This is] irrevocable . . . We will be satisfied with nothing but the destruction of Israel."

> "Real peace . . . can only happen through a complete change of mentality, policies, and historical ambitions in the Muslim block."

Real Peace Must Be Global. The current upheavals in Israel, in its administered territories, and in the areas that Israel has transferred to the Palestinian Authority, may give the impression that peace would come to the region if Israel would come to terms with the aspirations of the Palestinians. But that is impossible, because the destruction of Israel — its disappearance from the map — is the stated purpose of the Palestinians, as embedded in their never-revoked Covenant. But even if it were achievable, peace would not come about, because such a peace would be a non-global one. The most fervent enemies of Israel — Iran, Syria, and including even Egypt (with which Israel is technically at peace) — have as their principal foreign policy goal the destruction of Israel, a goal that would not be altered even if Israel acceded to every wish of the Palestinians. Those Arab statesmen who have tried to come to terms with the Jewish State have invariably found a terrible end. King Abdullah of Transjordan was assassinated by the rejectionists, so was President Anwar Sadat of Egypt, and so was President Bashir Gemayel of Lebanon, all of whom envisioned peaceful cooperation and co-existence with Israel. Every Arab leader knows that any overt declaration of wishing to make real peace and to co-exist and to cooperate with Israel is a suicidal death sentence.

We all want peace, of course, especially the Israelis, who, five wars having been imposed on them, have been almost constantly embattled since the foundation of their state. But because of Arab-Islamic fundamentalism that cannot tolerate a Jewish presence on any part of "Arab territory." And because any peace arrived at would be non-global, such real peace would seem difficult or impossible to attain at this time. One hopes that real peace — the Arabs' acceptance of a Jewish State and peaceful co-existence and cooperation with it — will come eventually. But it can only happen through a complete change of mentality, policies and ambitions in the Muslim block, abandonment of fanatic fundamentalism, and change in governance from despotism to genuine democracy. And that may well take a very long time. In the meantime, Israel must keep up its guard and cannot afford — not even to please its friends, including the United States — to yield strategic territory, without which it would be mortally vulnerable.

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Clarence Darrow, William Jennings Bryan, Dayton, Tennessee, 1925

BETTMANN / CORBIS

Darwin's Synthesis

How much conflict between science and religion? BY KEVIN R. KOSAR

Scarcely a year can pass without a hubbub erupting over evolution. Frequently, these fights involve the public schools. In late 2007, it was reported that Texas's director of science education had been fired because she forwarded an email to colleagues about a gathering of evolution supporters. One month before, there was a stink in suburban Northport, New York, over a man teaching a night class on "creation science" at a local public school.

But these clashes are not just happening among the hoi polloi in the hinterlands. A few years back, the National Park Service was caught selling books that said the Grand Canyon was produced by the flood that lifted Noah's Ark. The books were urged to be removed. The year after that, President Bush provoked howls and hosannas when he said that schools should teach both evolution and intelligent design. Frequently, the media depictions of these flare-ups portray a battle between would-be theocrats and loudmouth atheistic advocates of science. It's *Inherit the Wind*'s fanciful rendering of Clarence Darrow versus William Jennings Bryan all over again, a war of antipodean worldviews, and never the twain shall meet.

Monkey Trials and Gorilla Sermons
Evolution and Christianity from Darwin to Intelligent Design
by Peter J. Bowler
Harvard, 272 pp., $24.95

From his perch at Queen's University Belfast, Peter J. Bowler seems to look upon these battles with fascination and dismay. A historian of science, Bowler has written plenty about evolution, although here he brings no new revelations to the subject. Rather, Bowler repackages existing historical scholarship in the hope of defusing the purported clash between science and religion.

> The image of confrontation between evolution and religion is so pervasive that to challenge it might seem quixotic. But the purpose of this book is to show that such a rigidly polarized model of the relationship benefits only those who want us to believe that no compromise is possible.

While Bowler is skeptical about the veracity of religion, he thinks that hardline atheists such as Richard Dawkins and Daniel Dennett are not giving evolution the best defense. Rather than bash God as a "delusion," and pound one's fist for a purely materialistic explanation of existence, Bowler suggests opposing creationists and fundamentalists "by showing them that they have oversimplified the response of religion to the quest for a

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science of origin. . . . The best defense of evolutionism is to show the complexity of the religious approach to science."

To achieve this, Bowler first pulls back our collective oculus to reveal that there *is* no war between all of the religions and all of the sciences. All earth's people are not rent over the subject. One does not read of India's Hindus urging the house arrests of biochemists or Shintos in Japan rioting against astrophysicists. Science, as an approach to seeking knowledge, has been embraced nearly worldwide. Even within the United States, the clashes tend to involve only some fundamentalist Protestants. One certainly does not see Quakers or Episcopalians up in arms over the subject; and Roman Catholics, whose church still is bashed for bullying Galileo, long have accommodated evolution.

Bowler argues that the perception of a longstanding skirmish between fundamentalists and Darwinists is a fairly recent phenomenon. To demonstrate this, Bowler whisks the reader back to 19th-century England in order to take in the late 19th and early 20th-century religious and scientific debates that followed the publication of Charles Darwin's *The Origin of Species* (1859) and *The Descent of Man* (1871). This effort makes up a goodly chunk of *Monkey Trials and Gorilla Sermons* and, regrettably, Bowler's material is not well organized. Often the reader feels like he is in a freshman survey course: The names of the long dead and little remembered tumble forth, along with their often-outdated notions about the earth's origins and organization.

Despite this, Bowler makes his point: Darwin's ideas were not universally condemned by Christians, or lauded by scientists, of the day. Neither could agree amongst themselves what to make of the claim that all existent life forms descended from a single original species. Some scientists clung to ideas about evolution that preceded Darwin, such as Lamarckianism, which postulated that life forms could inherit the attributes that their forebears acquired in their lifetimes. (This notion, of course, has been discredited: Just because Arnold Schwarzennegger developed muscle mass through weightlifting does not mean that his children will be beefcakes.) Others, such as the anatomists Richard Owen and St. George Jackson Mivart, argued that man's evolution occurred but was guided by a higher power. Still other scientists were bluntly dismissive of Darwin. The astronomer Sir John Herschel mocked natural selection as the "law of higgledy-piggledy."

Among the clergy, too, responses were mixed. Some churchmen rejected Darwin's arguments as atheistic and contrary to Christianity *in toto*. Others, such as the Scotsman Henry Drummond and the Englishmen Reginald Campbell and Ernest William Barnes, were receptive to the theory of natural selection—and to science, more generally. In this discussion, Bowler plays at making a comparative case between the United States and Great Britain. In 1925, Americans witnessed the so-called Scopes Monkey Trial, which featured the State of Tennessee prosecuting a high school biology teacher named John Scopes for violating its anti-evolution statute. Across the pond Bishop Barnes was preaching his "Gorilla Sermons," which argued that Christians needed to accept apes as their ancestors.

Bishop Barnes, 1948

Bowler suggests that the two nations' divergent responses to Darwin, and evolution more generally, had two causes. First, Britain (and Europe more broadly) was sliding toward secularism; in America, the opposite was happening. While churches in big, industrialized cities accommodated the new science of man's origins, the hinterland's houses of worship turned hostile to evolution and, eventually, to the notions of archaeologists, paleontologists, and physicists when they did not comport with the Genesis story of creation. This backwoods backlash, Bowler seems to think, was part of a more general recoil from economic modernization and the erosion of "family values." Bowler might be on to something, but the reader will never know: He drops the topic—perhaps wisely, since he seems to know little about American religious history.

Despite highlighting Barnes's Gorilla Sermons, Bowler does not quote them at length. That's a pity, because Barnes was a good writer and a bit of an imp: The dedication of his chrestomathy, *Should Such a Faith Offend?* (1928), reads, "TO THAT BEST AND MOST SEVERE OF CRITICS MY WIFE." Though his head was stuffed full of deep learning in mathematics, physics, and theology, Barnes wrote with gusto. In his sermon, "Christian Revelation and Scientific Progress," Barnes declares that

> Evolution was, and still is, not an observed fact, but a theory so probable that no alternative to it can be entertained. . . . In our own time the leaders of Christian thought have, with substantial unanimity, accepted the conclusion that biological evolution is a fact: man is descended from the lower animals. . . . The time has now come when we must not try to evade any implications of the theory of natural selection.

The implications are huge. As Bowler notes, "Evolution raises general issues about how God might govern the universe, and specific issues about the status of humanity within the universe and the wider scheme of creation." If Darwin is right, what to do with Genesis's description of God fashioning an orderly, hierarchical creation, populating it with individual species and placing man above them? If man is the product of a "higgledy-piggledy" process, what to do with the doctrine of original sin as the source of suffering and death? And if man is not

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fallen, who needs a Christ to be savior?

Barnes, despite the obvious challenges, was undaunted: "Can we accept the idea that man and the gorilla have sprung from a common stock and yet hold that man has an immortal soul?" he asked. "I answer emphatically that we can." Avoiding a false debate over how the earth came to be, Barnes urged Christians to focus on the teachings of Christ: "Christianity is belief in Christ as Way, Truth, and Life: belief that He was the Light of the World, the Guide of the spiritual evolution of humanity."

Today, Barnes's intellectual descendents continue their work at reconciling the Christian faith and the findings of evolutionary biology and the allied sciences. Lamentably, Bowler gives their work little attention until his last 20 pages. Michael Ruse, Arthur Peacocke, and others receive brief mention, and their efforts at reconciliation are little explained. The reader is left wondering: Is synthesis, or at least rapprochement, possible?

One obvious approach to the conundrum is philosophy, which teaches the ways of knowing and their limits. Four centuries ago, Hobbes picked up where Descartes left off, and taught his readers that man's limited faculties kept him from knowing much of reality. After Hobbes, Berkeley and Hume further developed skepticism's assault on mankind's ability to know. Critically, Hume emphasized that knowledge is inevitably contingent: What past experience has taught, future experience can disprove. Hence, the scientific method, which relies on the testing of hypotheses about how things work, never can establish anything once and for all. So it was that Kant, the colossus of Königsberg, who devoted much of his life to studying the workings of reason, made room for faith in life by establishing the limits of knowledge through reason. Barnes himself advocated something like this in the Gorilla Sermons:

> Between the religious revelation of Jesus and modern science there is no opposition. The two dovetail into one another with singular exactness. Evolution describes facts; the ultimate meaning of those facts Christ's teaching discloses. We need faith to accept the Lord's message; we cannot prove its truth by the methods of inquiry useful in the physical and biological sciences, for the spiritual world is a type of reality which the organs of sense will not reveal.

Yet, neither philosophy nor *Monkey Trials and Gorilla Sermons* will put an end to the eye-gouging fights between fundamentalists and Darwinists in America. If Plato taught us anything, it is the folly of trying to make all men wise. If atheists wish to abuse science by saying that it proves there is no God, they will. If fundamentalists want to read the Bible—in translation, no less—and assert that every word of it is purely factual, then they shall. Man's a quarrelsome creature. Happily, however, most bystanders do not seem eager to enter the fray. This is likely due to their mixed-mindedness about the matter: Polls have shown that most Americans believe that evolution is probably true, but most of them also believe in God. ♦

Remember the 'Maine'

Not much love lost between the United States and Spain. **BY MARK FALCOFF**

Several years ago, I was summoned to the office of a member of Congress to brief him on Venezuela. The honorable gentleman—I had never met him before—turned out to resemble a congressman as depicted in a Mel Brooks film far more than most members of that august body do.

Although I was supposed to be doing the briefing, he did most of the talking, often wandering off the subject at hand. At one point, and for no particular reason, he announced that he positively *hated* France. By this time I was losing patience and couldn't help interrupting: "But Congressman," I said, "France is only in the middle range of anti-American countries in Europe. If you want to see a country that really hates us, you need to visit Spain."

"Spain?" he burst out. "*Spain?* Why, when I was an 18-year-old Marine at [the U.S. naval base in] Rota, I had a wonderful time! I didn't sense any anti-Americanism in Spain."

El Anti-Americanismo Español
by Alessandro Seregni
Síntesis, 300 pp., €17.50

Estados Unidos
Primer o Tercer Mundo?
by Antonio Caño
El País, 197 pp., €11.90

Mark Falcoff, resident scholar emeritus at the American Enterprise Institute, is at work on a book about the Hispanosphere.

This must have been around 1961 or 1962, not long after the United States had signed a bases accord with the dictator Francisco Franco, and when the dollar/peseta exchange was hugely favorable, even to a low-ranking enlisted member of our armed forces. A lot of water had passed under the bridge since then; the honorable member obviously needed to be brought up to date.

Spain is not the most important country in Europe, but it is not a negligible one, either. It has the ninth largest economy in the world, and it is a publishing and media center for the second most widely spoken Western language after English. It is a member of both NATO and the European Union and its troops are actively participating in the war on terror in Afghanistan. Its diplomats played an important role in resolving civil wars in Guatemala and El Salvador. Spanish banks are backing many enterprises in Latin America, and Spanish finance has penetrated the far corners of the earth.

When its prime minister, José Luis Rodríguez Zapatero, announced the withdrawal of Spanish troops from Iraq the morning after his election in 2004,

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Protesting George W. Bush's visit to Madrid, 2001

DESPOTOVIC DUSKO / CORBIS SYGMA

he inflicted a grievous wound—not just diplomatic but military—on the cause for which the United States, Great Britain, and a dozen other countries were fighting. No doubt Zapatero, who had been running behind in the polls until a few days before the election, hugely benefited from a string of coordinated terrorist attacks on commuter trains in Madrid a few days before the election. Even so, his views on Iraq (and what is more to the point, on the United States) came far closer to reflecting the opinions of ordinary Spaniards than that of his distinguished predecessor, José Mariá Aznar.

While Zapatero's own standing in public opinion has declined somewhat since his assumption of power, Spanish attitudes towards the United States have, if anything, hardened since then. This, in turn, has encouraged Zapatero and his foreign minister Miguel Ángel Moratinos to continuously engage in a series of gratuitous insults to this country and its leaders. Not surprisingly, he is the only major (or minor) European chief of government who has never had a face-to-face meeting with President Bush.

While it is a fact beyond discussion that the standing of the United States has declined sharply in Western Europe in the past four or five years, the case of Spain is particularly arresting, and largely supports my comments to the congressman. In a Pew Foundation survey, released in 2004, fully 73 percent of respondents there registered an "unfavorable" or "very unfavorable" opinion of the United States, compared with 60 percent in France and Germany, and 33 percent in Great Britain. Americans as people are disliked by 51 percent of Spaniards (as opposed to 35 percent in France, 26 percent in Germany and 21 percent in Great Britain). While George W. Bush is not admired anywhere west of the old Cold War borders, fully 71 percent of Spaniards have "no confidence" in him whatever, as opposed to 62 percent of the French, 46 percent of the Germans, and 42 percent of British respondents.

When asked about American influence—which is to say, the spread of American customs and ideas in their country—Spaniards registered the highest rate of rejection: 76 percent, some 4 points higher than France, and 6 percent higher than Germany. When asked whether it was President Bush or the United States that they particularly disliked, Spaniards registered the highest percentage who responded with "both." In other surveys where respondents are invited to freely characterize Americans, the three words most often used are "greedy," "arrogant," and "violent." In other words, Spaniards by and large dislike the United States not merely for what it *does*, but what it *is*.

Of course, every European country has its reasons for disliking the United States. The Germans harbor a suppressed nationalism which cannot be openly confessed given their recent history. The French resent the loss of their cultural, linguistic, and political influence, particularly in areas where they once exercised unquestioned sway. The British are still smarting over our abandonment of them at Suez in 1956, and no doubt feel strongly (and perhaps justifiably) about their inability to play an independent global role. The Italians are still angry at us for the Marshall Plan (no good deed goes unpunished) and are irritated that our foreign policies allegedly threaten what is left of their *dolce vita*.

Every country has its narrative of what Washington did wrong, a story which becomes increasingly bitter as the European project reveals itself increasingly incapable of rivaling the power of the United States. To be sure, neither the Clinton nor Bush administration (nor, for that matter, their predecessors) is blameless for this state of affairs, but the point is that it would probably exist even if all of them had governed with perfect wisdom.

As in most European countries, in Spain, dislike of the United States is a sentiment found on both sides of the political spectrum. This is a point developed in some detail by Alessandro Seregni in *El Anti-Americanismo Español.* Although happy to take American aid, Generalissimo Franco regarded the United States with contempt. For him it was a society lacking in proper hierarchies and awash in vulgar and meaningless consumption—not to mention under the control of Freemasonry, the all-purpose bugaboo for reactionary Catholics in the 1930s and '40s. Moreover, for Franco, as for many Spaniards raised in a military or naval environment, the loss of Cuba and the Philippines in 1898 remained an open wound, and although happy to jail, torture, exile (and occasionally execute) his own Communists, the Caudillo pointedly maintained full relations with Cuba's Fidel Castro as a means of exacting revenge for his country's humiliation at the hands of the United States.

The left has an even longer bill of particulars, starting with the bases agreement with Franco in 1953, which supposedly rescued him financially in a moment of extreme crisis. The photograph of President Eisenhower (unwisely) embracing the dictator after his unprecedented state visit in 1959 has been reproduced in the Spanish press thousands, perhaps even scores of thousands, of times; its subliminal message has been absorbed by several generations, including one or two not even born at the time. Secretary of State Alex-

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ander Haig's unfortunate comment at the time of a failed military coup against the country's nascent democracy in 1982 ("an internal Spanish affair") has been trotted out endlessly, even though it had no impact whatsoever on the course of actual events. The same could be said of the Eisenhower visit.

One could even argue that the kind of stabilization plan which the United States and the World Bank demanded of Franco in the late 1950s laid the groundwork for the growth of a middle class and the successful transition to democracy a generation later—even if this was not Washington's conscious intention, an argument admittedly not likely to impress many on the Spanish left. Quite apart from our real or imagined diplomatic and political missteps, for Spanish "progressives" the United States represents a model of individualism and the uninhibited pursuit of wealth, which offends their egalitarian sensibilities. (Not that it stops many of them from indulging in an orgy of consumerism of their own, as anyone who has ever visited a Spanish shopping mall on a Saturday can attest.)

Of course, not all Spaniards are intensely political, and much of the dislike of the United States feeds on other sources as well. This aspect has been perspicaciously explored by Antonio Caño in *Estados Unidos: Primer o Tercer Mundo?* Caño is a veteran journalist, deputy editor of the country's flagship daily *El País*, and a former correspondent of that paper in the United States. He organizes his book in the form of a debate with an imaginary Spaniard, allowing the latter to pose the most common objections to this country, to which he offers balanced and sensible replies. A man of the moderate left—a Socialist of the Felipe González school, rather than that of Zapatero/Moratinos—Caño has made a serious and courageous effort to understand a phenomenon which is not necessarily his cup of tea.

Some of the issues raised by his imaginary Spaniard are, no doubt, similar to those that would be fielded by any Western European—the widespread ownership of guns, capital punishment, the existence of super-millionaires and the persistence of pockets of poverty, the lack of socialized medicine, and so forth; in other words, our failure to be like them. One criticism that would be new to most Americans is our failure to adequately appreciate the films of Woody Allen, who enjoys something of a cult status in Spain. (The fact that Allen embodies a very specific New York Jewish sensibility—and, therefore, might not appeal to widespread popular taste in the United States—is a nuance that probably most Spaniards miss.) The most interesting conclusion Caño reaches in his book is that anti-Americanism in Spain arises primarily out of the fact that "the United States has never done anything for Spain"—that is to say, unlike the French or Italians, its people have no history of liberation from dictatorship or foreign occupation, or even significant foreign aid. (Spain was excluded from the Marshall Plan for reasons which most left-wing Spaniards would surely approve.) One cannot help objecting, however, that while we have "done something" for France and Italy, neither seems to feel particularly kindly towards the United States today. Thus, an otherwise excellent book ends on an unsatisfactory note.

Few Spaniards visit the United States each year. An academic of my acquaintance, who teaches classes in which Spanish and American students are mixed together, told me that the latter complain to him that their Spanish contemporaries never ask them any questions about the United States.

"I suppose," he added, "the reason for that is that young Spaniards think they *know* the United States without having ever been there." From whence this knowledge? From American films, obviously. During a recent stay in Madrid I had occasion to visit my local video store on a regular basis. Although Spain has an excellent and expanding film industry, American films seem more numerous, and are probably also more popular. In light of what my academic friend told me, I could not help thinking that if *all* one knew about the United States came from Hollywood, one would imagine a country constantly in turmoil over race and class, corrupt to the core, and above all extremely violent. I refer not only to films made by Michael Moore (who is, obviously, hugely popular in Spain) but by mainstream Hollywood directors and writers.

When these films are shown in the United States, the local audience sees them for what they are: entertaining fantasies which may or may not have an element of truth to them. Spaniards have no context whatever. Thus, the mixture of cultural inputs from the United States mixed together with episodes from Spain's own recent history (or in some cases, its imagined history) combine to create an extremely negative image.

To be sure, what I have just said about American movies would probably be true for a majority of the countries of the world. What makes Spain different is its emergence as a young democracy and also a new middle-class society. It is no exaggeration whatever to say that today's Spaniards have a higher standard of living and a more civilized political system than ever in their history, with the prospect of even better to come. But memories of dictatorship and the hunger years of the 1940s are still vivid, if not in the form of lived experience, then in the form of accounts passed down by traumatized older generations. Thus, there is a sense of precariousness about this new good fortune. No one wants to rock the boat.

The United States, with its penchant for military adventures and crusades for democracy in the Middle East, is viewed with extreme discomfort. Spain is heavily dependent on North Africa and the Middle East for its supplies of oil and natural gas, and has a growing Muslim population of its own. Spaniards lack the optimism and sense of possibility that are part and parcel of American culture, and given their history, they are not likely to acquire it. While relations may improve somewhat this year, when both countries will have the opportunity to change their governments, there should be no exaggerated expectations of things to come.

The two countries may never be outright enemies; they may even cooperate on a limited number of projects. But even in the diffuse way we use the term for nation-states, they will probably never be friends. ♦

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The Duke of Duty-Free

How to spend money without attracting attention.

BY MARTIN MORSE WOOSTER

Anyone who works in the nonprofit world swiftly learns that there is a legion of development officers and fundraisers whose daily task is to persuade donors to give—or to increase their checks next time. If you're a donor who can give seven-figure grants, there's an army of mendicants and courtiers ready to caress you with plaques, trophies, lavish tribute dinners, 50-yard line seats, and meals at five-star restaurants.

But all these prizes and flattery miss the point of charity. We should give our time and labor to help the less fortunate not because of the adulation, but because helping others is the right thing to do and the best way to live. It is the gift that is important, not the praise we receive for our donations.

This is why the story of Chuck Feeney is an inspiring one. Feeney made over a billion dollars through duty-free stores. He created a foundation that would be one of America's 10 largest if it were headquartered in the United States. This foundation, the Atlantic Philanthropies, has given away over $4 billion since its creation. Yet Feeney managed to keep his wealth and his foundation secret for nearly 20 years, until forced to divulge the information in a 1997 court case. No one else in foundation history has managed to stay anonymous for as long as Feeney did.

Conor O'Clery was, for years, a reporter for the *Irish Times*. He's a good writer and storyteller, and anyone who likes reading business books where heroes engage in savage battles about whether they should receive figures of 10 for chasing out their companies will find *The Billionaire Who Wasn't* enjoyable. But Feeney's biography—and the reasons why he chose to be an anonymous funder—provides valuable lessons for every donor.

The Billionaire Who Wasn't
How Chuck Feeney Secretly Made and Gave Away a Fortune
by Conor O'Clery
PublicAffairs, 337 pp., $26.95

Charles Feeney was born in Bayonne, New Jersey, in 1931. Although he has always been an American, he has also become a dual citizen of Ireland. After serving as a radio operator in Japan during the Korean War, Feeney graduated from Cornell in 1956 with a degree in hotel management. He then went to Europe with not much money and a desire for adventure. He found that there was plenty of opportunity for people interested in the import-export business. When Feeney started his career, American law allowed any tourist to bring back five bottles (totalling one gallon) of liquor duty-free. Moreover, back then, tourists didn't actually have to lug the booze through customs; they could simply declare it and have a third party ship the spirits to a customer's home.

Feeney discovered a second loophole: American servicemen could bring back cars without paying any tariffs, giving GIs Renaults and BMWs at a substantial discount. For nearly a decade, Feeney and his partners vigorously used these loopholes to make money selling cars and liquor to thrifty Americans. But in the mid-1960s Lyndon Johnson cut the liquor exemption from five bottles to one, and the Navy decided to sell cars to sailors rather than passing the profits to outsiders. Feeney and his partners had to find another line of work.

They found it in the duty-free store business. In 1962 Feeney and his three partners spent $78,000 to acquire a five-year duty-free concession at the Honolulu airport. At the time, airlines were converting cramped DC-8s into roomier Boeing 707s, and the duty-free shop made money. But Feeney's wealth was made in Japan. For the 1964 Tokyo Olympics, the Japanese government eased draconian travel restrictions and allowed many Japanese to travel abroad for the first time. Japan has a long tradition of elaborate gift-giving, and that Honolulu duty-free shop had the luxury goods Japanese tourists wanted at low prices.

Feeney's partnership, at first called Duty Free Shoppers, and later DFS, thrived as Japanese travelers became wealthier. Because top-tier producers of luxury goods at first refused to deal with DFS, the company made lucrative distribution deals with Camus cognac and Nina Ricci perfume that provided DFS with a second income stream. As O'Clery shows, DFS became a multi-billion-dollar company not just through its own expertise, but also by ruthlessly crushing any and all rivals.

By the late 1980s, Feeney and his partners were ready to sell what was now a giant multinational. They began a seven-year dance with Louis Vuitton Moet Hennessey, or LVMH, the French luxury goods producer. After eight years of negotiations, in December 1996, LVMH bought out Feeney and one of his partners and assumed control of DFS. For his ownership of 38.7 percent of DFS, Feeney received a check for $1.67 billion—an amount so big that a New Jersey bank stayed open all night to clear it because tens of thousands of dollars would have been lost if clearing had been delayed.

Negotiations between DFS and LVMH took eight years, in part, because two of Feeney's partners didn't want to sell (one eventually did sell and the other became a minority investor in LVMH). The extensive court record showed that Feeney didn't actually own his share of DFS, but had transferred it to Atlantic Philanthropies, a mysteri-

Martin Morse Wooster, senior fellow at the Capital Research Center, is the author, most recently, of The Great Philanthropists and the Problem of Donor Intent.

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ous Bermuda-based charity. Feeney was a very secretive entrepreneur: DFS, a privately owned partnership, was successful, in part, because its rivals had no idea how large the firm was and couldn't guess how much the company could spend on bids for airport concession contracts. So Feeney decided to apply the same privacy to his philanthropy.

His philanthropic adviser, New York University law professor Harvey Dale, gave his client a thick packet of materials about the importance of giving anonymously. He noted that the world's major religions all taught that the best way to give was privately. As St. Matthew tells us, in the Sermon on the Mount, Jesus taught, "When you give to the needy, do not let your left hand know what your right hand is doing, so that your giving may be in secret. Then your Father, who sees what may be in secret, may reward you." Maimonides, the great medieval rabbi, agreed with Jesus, believing that there were 12 levels of *tzedakah* (giving), and that while the highest level was teaching other Jews to become self-reliant, the second highest was anonymous charity.

Finally, Feeney was persuaded by the timeless advice of Andrew Carnegie. In his 1889 essay "The Gospel of Wealth," Carnegie wrote that donors ought to use their fortunes on universities, libraries, and other organizations that provided "the ladders upon which the aspiring can rise." Carnegie also believed that donors, after providing for themselves and their families, should strive for "modest, unostentatious living, shunning display or extravagance." This advice suited the thrifty Feeney, who delights in inexpensive clothes, cheap watches, and flying coach.

But as O'Clery shows, anonymous giving is hard work. Feeney decided to base his charity in Bermuda to avoid American disclosure laws. He lived in Bermuda for a year to establish residency prior to the creation of his charity in 1982, and his lawyers successfully lobbied the Bermuda legislature to pass a law allowing him to run his charity in secret. In addition, all of Atlantic Philanthropies' grant recipients had to sign nondisclosure agreements saying they couldn't reveal where their money came from. Finally, public relations consultants offered advice about what should happen if anyone found out about what Feeney was doing.

Chuck Feeney

In 2001, Feeney declared that Atlantic Philanthropies would spend itself out of existence by 2016.

In hindsight, Feeney could have achieved many of his goals in the United States if he had created a donor-advised fund rather than a foundation. If he had decided to create a private operating foundation, which has a severely limited list of grantees, he could have avoided the truckload of grant requests every medium-sized or large foundation must plow through. And given how poorly the American press covers philanthropy, simply not publicizing his foundation's activities would have given him a substantial amount of anonymity.

But the structure and nature of Atlantic Philanthropies has allowed Feeney to be a very hands-on donor. In O'Clery's account, Feeney's giving has often been impulsively based on articles he happened to be reading. In 1997, he picked up a copy of the *San Francisco Examiner* in the airport and read about the East Meets West Foundation, which helps improve health care for the poor in Vietnam. That led Atlantic Philanthropies to spend a great deal of money on hospitals in Vietnam. Feeney has also been a generous supporter of research at universities in Ireland and Australia.

In 2001, Feeney declared that Atlantic Philanthropies would spend itself out of existence by 2016. By doing this, Feeney's charity can give far more than other organizations with very large endowments and relatively limited giving. "The dollar you give today can be doing good tomorrow," Feeney said in an interview. "Giving five percent of it doesn't do as much good."

It should be noted that Chuck Feeney is a leftist who vigorously opposes the Iraq war and has given small amounts to the Democratic party and larger ones to Amnesty International and Human Rights Watch. But Feeney should have the right to spend his wealth for causes *he* prefers. Conservative and libertarian donors, by contrast, often have their fortunes subverted by left-wing staff, particularly if they create foundations that aren't term limited.

Moreover, hands-on donors can—and do—make major mistakes. For three years in the mid-1990s, Feeney personally donated $20,000 a month to Sinn Fein, the Irish Republican Army's political arm, for what Feeney said was a way of advancing the peace process in Northern Ireland. Although the Atlantic Philanthropies was technically not involved, the foundation's reputation was sullied for years by its founder's gifts to Sinn Fein.

What can donors learn from Chuck Feeney's experience? First, give to causes you believe in: People who make fortunes are smart enough to know how they should be used. Second, the most effective donors are those who avoid the limelight. What matters, in the long run, is not how many prizes a donor wins, but whether or not he gives wisely. ♦

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Disraeli and Gladstone in Punch, *1868*

Two for the Seesaw

The alpha and omega of Victorian public life.

BY WILLIAM MURCHISON

Exotic as an antimacassar, playful as a prayer meeting, William Ewart Gladstone (1809-1898) seemed born to baffle and irritate Benjamin Disraeli (1804-1881)—an invitation to which Disraeli normally responded with a dash and flash his rival customarily repaid with anger and disdain.

Queen Victoria adored Disraeli, the Conservative leader and theoretician who, after all, had purchased the Suez Canal for Great Britain and augmented Her Majesty's dignities in proclaiming her Empress of India. Upon the Liberal leader Gladstone's defeat of her favorite, in 1880, the Queen, according to her secretary, called the incoming prime minister a "half-mad firebrand who would soon ruin everything and be a dictator." (Victoria was rarely, if ever, amused by the generally non-amusing Gladstone.) The two statesmen were oil and water, plaid and herringbone. As Richard Aldous relates, they "loathed each other from an early stage and could hardly bear to be in the same room."

The Lion and the Unicorn
Gladstone vs. Disraeli
by Richard Aldous
Norton, 358 pp., $27.95

There were intervals of civility, as when Gladstone called to inquire after Disraeli's dying wife, Mary Anne. But afterwards it was back to battling. "I see no chances of salvation unless he goes really mad," Disraeli wrote of his adversary in 1880, "but he is such a hypocrite, that I shall never believe that till he is in Bedlam." Gladstone judged that for a "distinct decline in the standard of public life . . . one man and one man alone is responsible—Disraeli."

The odd thing is that their lives defined Victorian England in as large a degree as those of Darwin and Dickens, Ruskin and Rossetti. Disraeli had romantic charm, Gladstone a bottomless supply of moral earnestness. Gladstone, a sincere devotee of the Church of England, possessed moral purpose in the highest degree. Disraeli, brought to Anglicanism by his Jewish father, always had something of the East about him that was careless and exuberant, showy and even a little languid. In these two the Britain of quill pens and counting-house stools met the Britain of gaudy rugs and jewels from the imperial possessions that lay on the other side of Suez. Temperamental differences between the two men were too great for friendship, or even cooperation. Their ambitions and powers of mind put them in each other's way too often for anything but rivalry of the most intense and enduring sort.

Back and forth they tossed the chores of office. Disraeli became prime minister for the first time in 1868. Gladstone evicted him, serving from 1869-74. Then Disraeli evicted Gladstone, serving from 1874-80. Then Gladstone came back for a five-year run. Disrael died in 1881. For the surviving rival, two brief premierships lay ahead. There is just a frock-coated sniff here of the Bushes and Clintons. Each rival knew the other's qualities, even sometimes acknowledged them, with Gladstone saying at the end of Disraeli's life, "There is no more extraordinary man surviving him in England, perhaps none in Europe." Disraeli's accomplishments—shaping the Congress of Berlin, projecting British power, conferring the franchise on the rural voters he took for natural Conservatives—were more marked than those of Gladstone, a technician at heart, more concerned about the bud-

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GETTY IMAGES

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get than the greatness of Great Britain.

Why such a book as this? Well, for enjoyment, among other things. Aldous, an Irish historian and political analyst, is a gifted writer (in spite of occasional lapses such as "No problem"). We meet two fascinating individuals, the earnest Gladstone competing peculiarly with the exotic Disraeli for attention. The Grand Old Man's now-well-known habit of combing London streets for street-walkers to talk and pray with isn't to be ranked with the Princess Diana saga, yet the incomprehensible elements in both tales remind us that people in high places sometimes take crazy chances.

If Disraeli and Gladstone—the Lion and the Unicorn, to borrow from a John Tenniel cartoon displaying them in open strife "for the crown"—seem figures from the far-off, when people took seriously things like Empire and the Anglican religion, still their story more than entertains. It instructs. There's the energy of the period, for one thing, with a bustling Britain at the center of world affairs, clamoring for definition of one kind or another. Great choices bring to the fore great tensions, in a sometimes-repetitive way. Dizzy and the Grand Old Man tangled over foreign military interventions, including one in Afghanistan where, according to Gladstone, British policy had driven "mother and children forth from their homes to perish in the snow." (Could Nancy Pelosi have phrased it more cagily?) Why not, instead, for Britain, said Gladstone, the path to "the blessed ends of prosperity and justice, and of liberty and peace?" We seem, perhaps, to have heard this before.

Because what changes, really, in human life? The quality of the human actors themselves? It's no bad guess. Nineteenth-century Britain, a fearlessly fecund time and place, yielded up actors extraordinary enough to know their own qualities in others, and to strive against each other for mastery. But not on YouTube; not with armies of "bundlers" at their beck; not with professional consultants plucked from advertising agencies. Benjamin Disraeli and William Gladstone were, magically, themselves: all the more adored for it, all the more missed and regretted. ♦

Up, Up, and Away

A century of travel by air.

BY EVAN SPARKS

The National Air and Space Museum seems to occupy a precarious position on the Mall in Washington. Not that it is in any danger of disappearing, but it seems to have less of an intellectual pedigree than its neighbors. Art, science, history, anthropology, and—whoa! cool planes and spacecraft! The Smithsonian's 19 museums have over 21 million visits every year, and a quarter of them go to the National Air and Space Museum. It's a favorite for families on vacation and school groups on field trips, and is always much more crowded than the sedate galleries nearby. But its new permanent exhibition illustrates that beautiful aircraft and a popular presentation can go hand-in-hand with intellectual rigor.

America by Air
National Air and Space Museum

"America by Air," which opened in November, records the story of commercial air travel in the United States, from the earliest postal pilots to the new planes just now entering the market. Divided into four historical periods, the exhibition traces three themes: technological innovation, the passenger experience, and the government role in air travel.

The technological development of air travel over the past century is an extraordinary story, and is no better told than with the aircraft hanging in the gallery. The Curtiss JN-4D "Jenny," a wood-frame biplane that was the first airmail plane, sits low to the ground, visible up close. Other landmark planes include a Ford Tri-Motor, Boeing 247, and Douglas DC-3 and DC-7. The visual heart of "America by Air" is the nose section of a Boeing 747.

Lest anyone dismiss the Air and Space Museum for its lack of art, critic Patrick Smith once called the 747 "a work of high industrial art," describing its forward bulge as "ris[ing] from the fuselage in a manner that is smoothly integral, tapering forward to a proud and commanding bow, like the stately prow of an ocean liner." One interactive display shows the mechanical workings of flight controls, from primitive aircraft flown by a simple joystick connected to exposed wires to the hydraulic controls of mid-20th-century jets and the computerized "fly by wire" systems standard today. Technological innovation is explored in plane manufacturing, engines, air traffic control, fuel efficiency, and other aspects of flight.

Technology has had a marked influence on the passenger experience. Early planes were not pressurized, and thus subject to the vagaries of the weather. They could not fly after dark, so transcontinental airline passengers continued on their way by night train. Planes shook and rattled and were incredibly noisy. Their range was often short, meaning that a long trip would require frequent stops.

With every successive innovation came an improvement in the flying experience. But these not-so-pleasant 1920s and '30s flights were only for the wealthy: Curator Robert van der Linden notes that a cheap cross-country roundtrip airline ticket has cost around $300 for most of the past 75 years. But back then you could buy a new car for $500. The cachet of flying came about because air travel was, for decades, a

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Dining on the Pan American Clipper, 1936

luxury item. Technological innovation brought the price down until, now, air travel is like riding the bus. In the United States, air travel is even cheaper for long voyages than taking the train. As museum director John Dailey told me, "We hope the public can appreciate what airplanes have done to shrink the world. . . . We're taking [air travel] for granted."

"America by Air" acknowledges the government's role in technology development. The National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics (NASA's predecessor) pioneered advanced wings (the "NACA airfoil") and streamlined engine fittings (the "NACA cowling"). World War II saw the commandeering of air travel for military purposes, but innovations in military aerospace translated into civilian aviation after the war. And from the very start, when passenger service could not break even, the federal government provided crucial support. As with other new transportation and communications technologies—the Butterfield Stage, the transcontinental railroad, the transatlantic cable, the Erie Canal—the government undertook the initial investment. And not coincidentally, many of these new technologies had to do with getting the mail through.

Much of "America by Air" is centered on the government's airmail services—a fascinating story recounted in Robert van der Linden's own book on the subject. From 1918 to 1925, the Post Office operated its own planes. After that, it offered contracts to private airlines, many of which are the predecessor companies to our current carriers. As more passengers began to fly, regulation emerged to shape the nascent industry.

Herbert Hoover's postmaster general, Walter Brown, held a conference in 1930—called the "Spoils Conference" by detractors—at which he assigned most airmail contracts to a few big holding companies, which produced *and* operated airplanes. Brown's conference stifled competition, but it provided crucial stability and profitability for the young, technology-intensive, industry. Franklin Roosevelt ended up canceling the contracts in 1934 and having the Army Air Corps deliver airmail, which turned out to be so disastrous that, just four months later, Congress passed the Air Mail Act, which restored contracts to airlines but separated the businesses of aerospace and air travel.

The regulation of fares and routes in the 1940s and '50s remained largely static, but as this exhibition shows, the dramatic social changes of the 1960s led to greater demand for air travel. New planes like the 747 pushed down the costs of air travel, but regulation kept fares artificially high. By 1978, when Alfred Kahn deregulated the airlines, the industry had long since matured. The exhibit cheerfully acknowledges the benefits of deregulation, but you can detect a nostalgic undercurrent for the more daring, and less businesslike, days of yore.

Kahn, displaying an economist's wit, once commented, "I really don't know one plane from the other. To me, they are all marginal costs with wings." And although few people think of their flight to Indianapolis in such terms, the logic of deregulation and competition has probably siphoned off some of the intangible thrill of air travel. Airline deregulation, one of the most economically sensible *and* consumer-friendly reforms in modern American history, ended the romantic epoch of air travel, a period which crested with government support for and operation of air travel more than 70 years ago.

With the ongoing debates about passengers' rights, the contribution of jets to climate change, mounting delays, and the poor performance of the Transportation Security Administration, air travel is as much a policy issue as ever. I asked John Dailey how, if at all, "America by Air" might shape the policy debate. He pointed to the photos, artifacts, interactive displays, and narratives that show how far we have come: "Some of the most amazing accomplishments of our lifetime."

"America by Air" offers a monumental perspective on a great American achievement, an achievement that warrants inclusion among the country's landmarks of art, science, and history. ♦

CORBIS

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The Writerly Life

It's even less exciting on film. **BY JOHN PODHORETZ**

Let me tell you about writers. Writers sit. Then, after a while, they stand. They pace. They sit again. Sometimes, they talk on the telephone. Or they surf the Internet. At some point, they generate words. They go over those words. Then they generate some more. They stand up. They sit down. I have just revealed to you the great secret life of the writer.

For some reason—perhaps because writers write them—people frequently make movies about writers. This is unwise. It's one thing to write a book in which a writer is a character, since novels can venture inside a character's head and back out again. In a movie, you have to watch a character do something. But writers don't do anything. Therefore, moviemakers are always trying to figure out how to make writers do things.

It used to be that writers in movies would scribble something on a yellow legal pad, then read it over, make a disgusted noise, crumple the yellow paper in a ball, and toss it at a garbage can. The camera would then pan over to the garbage can, which was full of other sheets of balled-up yellow paper and was surrounded by other paper balls. This also might occur with a writer working on a typewriter, in which case he would pull the piece of paper out of the roller with a great flourish before crumpling it up.

After a while, it occurred to moviemakers that this was a cliché. So they tried other bits of action. In *Julia*, Jane Fonda plays Lillian Hellman. She is writing a play at a house on Martha's Vineyard. She doesn't like what she is writing. So she takes her typewriter and throws it out the window. Unfortunately, the real Lillian Hellman did not do such a thing, because even a Stalinist like Lillian Hellman would have known that if you throw a typewriter out the window, it will break. And then you won't have the key "a," which you need if (as Mary McCarthy said) every word you write is a lie, including "a."

Lillian Hellman knew a lot of New York intellectuals. Now there is a movie about a New York intellectual in his seventies called *Starting Out in the Evening*. It is based on a very good novel by Brian Morton about a New York intellectual in his seventies, an elegiac and dryly witty portrait of a day long since past. The movie is serious, earnest, respectful, sober, and really, really terrible, as only movies about writers can be—especially if they're movies about writers who are also intellectuals.

Starting Out in the Evening
Directed by Andrew Wagner

Frank Langella plays the intellectual. He has been widely praised for the detailed accuracy of his performance by people who have probably never met an intellectual. Langella's character is a Jewish novelist named Leonard Schiller, who lives in a big Upper West Side apartment. Schiller is a very serious person and very dedicated to his novel-writing. He does not approve of magazines with advertising in them, because art and commerce are at war. He attends readings at the 92nd Street Y and says things like, "Her excerpt was read affectingly, I think."

When a pretty graduate student expresses interest in writing a master's thesis about his work, he refuses and says he does not approve of gossip and is far too busy being a novelist. New York intellectuals, you see, have far loftier goals in mind than writing for magazines with advertising in them (like, say, the *New Yorker*) or being the subject of master's theses or having pretty young graduate students alone in their apartments with them.

You know Schiller is one of those old-time intellectuals because he does not speak in contractions. Also, he enunciates every consonant. These verbal tics are intended to make Schiller appear to be a literary highbrow. Schiller has Old World manners. He is courtly. He says, "Excuse me for just a moment" when he gets up to go to the bathroom. He purses his lips when the young graduate student asks him a personal question and says, "There is such a thing as decorum."

All of these traits are intended to make him appear to be a highbrow. But this is not what highbrows are like, and it certainly isn't what the New York intellectuals were like. Highbrows use plenty of contractions. New York intellectuals were often extremely ill-mannered, especially to young women. They did not run out of the room when a young woman smeared honey on their faces, as happens in a particularly risible scene here. They were just as likely to be the ones smearing the honey.

Langella isn't playing a friend of Trilling and Howe and Wilson, as he claims. He's more like the fussy and precise salesman at Brooks Brothers from whom they bought their suits.

And of course, Langella sits at an old Underwood typewriter, one of those heavy standing manual typewriters they stopped making in 1957, and bats away at the keys. This gives the cowriter/director Andrew Wagner his chance at that chestnut, the you-just-see-the-writer's-eyes-and-forehead-as-he-stares-with-deep-concentration-at-the-page shot. It's a mark of how unimaginative a filmmaker Wagner is that he shows it to us 37 times in the space of two hours.

That's all well and good, but even New York intellectuals who hate ads in magazines use computers these days. Speaking of which, the computer may finally be the thing that kills off movies about writers. The only cliché anyone has been able to come up with so far for the writer-with-computer is the repeated use of the delete key. And that bit has gotten so old already that it makes you long for the good old crumpled-up piece of paper. ♦

John Podhoretz, editorial director of Commentary, *is* THE WEEKLY STANDARD*'s movie critic.*

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John Edwards, the Democrat who ran for the White House as an anti-poverty populist . . . [has] dropped out of the presidential race.
—New York Times, *January 31*

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MEMORANDUM

To: Staff

From: H. Snidely Whiplash, Jr.
Executive Director

I've just returned from an expensive, three-martini lunch with several middle-aged white men from the Chamber of Commerce, Pharmaceutical Manufacturers, Bankers Association, and Petroleum Institute, and a few other wealthy friends, and they send along their thanks and congratulations for closing ranks, taking the low road, and destroying the Edwards candidacy. We all agreed that former Senator Edwards was the most serious threat to corporate greed and financial malfeasance in recent memory. But we also agreed that Senator Barack Obama's inspiring campaign of hope and change, and his appeal to the better angels of our nature, are equally dangerous to the tyrannical power and destructive influence of American capitalism.

So beginning on Monday morning, we need to redouble our efforts in several key areas. That means stepped-up programs to promote pollution and violation of EPA standards, a higher volume of foreclosures across the board, intimidation of public officials (with the threat of physical violence, if necessary), and of course a comprehensive program to accelerate the gap between rich and poor. I've appointed a secret task force to increase levels of executive pay, and I'll be distributing copies of a recent study from the Bernard Ebbers Foundation on golden parachutes, pension de-funding, fraudulent accounting, and strengthening America's glass ceilings.

As many of you know, we're entering the final phase of our campaign to squeeze the middle class, and crush the spirits of America's working families. We've enjoyed considerable success, which is reflected in the growing numbers of personal bankruptcies, but we cannot relax our efforts until we have made health insurance effectively unaffordable, and opinion polls reflect a heightened sense of despair among

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